McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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FIREMEN'S CONVENTION AT SMETHPORT

We are Ready to Take Northwestern Association This Year.

TO BE HELD EARLY IN AUGUST.

Smethport Has Necessary Money Pledged—We Decide at Meeting in Bradford To-Night—It Will Be a Big Undertaking.

On Monday it became known that Kane could not or would not contribute the required amount of money for the entertainment of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association and therefore the convention would not be held in that place. Knowing this Smethport is always ready in case of an emergency, especially where the welfare of the firemen are concerned, a member of the executive committee of the association came to Smethport and laid the situation before the business men and firemen.

The matter was taken up at once and a special meeting of the hose company held. A soliciting committee was appointed and at the second meeting held last evening it was reported that nearly the required amount had already been pledged and that there would be no trouble in raising the small difference between what had been pledged and that required.

The sentiment of the meeting and the people generally was strongly in favor of asking for the convention and at that meeting a committee composed of Sheridan Gorton, D. M. Brasted, T. H. Purtle and W. A. Anderter was appointed to meet with the executive committee of the association and use their best efforts to bring the convention here, and as the Smethport people were practically assured that they could have the convention for the asking there is every reason to believe that we will get it.

It is the desire of Smethport to hold this convention early in August, as was originally intended before Kane gave it up, and thus not disappoint the visiting firemen and their friends. In taking this convention upon its hands at this late date the Smethport fire department and our people have a large undertaking but as Smethport never does things by halves the members and friends of the Northwestern Association can rest assured that everything will be as it should be and that they can look forward to a good old-fashioned firemen's convention in Smethport in August, 1906.

Soil Test in McKean County.

What kind o'a commercial fertilizer does my soil require? is a question of interest to nearly every farmer. Pennsylvania spends for fertilizers somewhat over $5,000,000 annually, a sum nearly equal to the state appropriation for public schools. The best answer to the question is gained by direct field experiments on the soil involved. To aid in a systematic study of the various soils of Pennsylvania, the State Experiment Station, through its chemist, Prof. Frear, has organized a series of co-operative soil tests with the three principle classes of commercial fertilizers, to determine the present need of the soil, for one or other of these aids to fertility. These co-operative tests are now being made in accordance with the Station's instructions, in thirty-eight counties of the state. In McKean county the co-operative farmer is Maynard Ingalsby, Custer City.

It will pay those of our farmers who are cultivating soil of the same kind to keep a watchful eye on these tests for their own information.

Allen Brewer Escaped.

Yesterday Sheriff Mitchell and assistants took a party of McKean county prisoners to the Western Penitentiary at Allegheny. In the party was Allen Brewer, the Kane man recently convicted of statutory rape and sentenced to imprisonment for six years. It appears that Brewer did not relish the idea of devoting so much time to meditation and penitence and that after Pittsburg was reached he managed in some way to effect his escape. A dispatch received by the Era at midnight briefly stated that Brewer had succeeded in doing the "skiddoo" act, but no details were given.—To-day's Era.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 16, 1906:

Miss Leah V. Bishop (Owen), Wm. Flaherty, Mrs. Ella Grover, Mrs. M. Hooley, Lewis Krieller, E. V. Sayer, Miss Ida Swanson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

At 12:30 o'clock Sunday, October 29, 1882, the ringing of fire bells and screaming of whistles called the peaceful residents of our borough out to witness the largest conflagration that ever visited Smethport. At once it was ascertained that it was in the extract works near the station of the Clermont branch of the B., N. Y. & P. railroad, and hundreds of people of all ages and sexes bent their steps in that direction.

The hose company, of which this borough is justly proud, were soon on the ground with some five hundred feet of hose hoping to be able to make a connection with the pumps that have always kept in the buildings for use in case of fire, but to their chagrin it was found that this was impossible, the hose coupling being larger than that in use at the factory. The next thing was to telegraph to Bradford for a steamer with which to raise water to the building. In the meantime the boys formed lines, organized a bucket brigade and in this way succeeded in preventing the fire from communicating with other buildings while it was consuming the works in which it originated.

About half past four o'clock a train bearing a steamer from Bradford run across the switch and halted at the scene of the fire. It was found that the machine could take water from the ditch beside the track without being taken from the car, and, although the fire had by this time leveled the building and only existed in a pile of some four hundred cords of bark it was decided to use the steamer to put this out and wet down the other ricks of bark in the immediate vicinity. A head of steam was gotten up, but for some unexplained reason the steamer did not go to work right, and a short time elapsed before this defect had been remedied, when it started off all right and two magnificent streams were set in motion against the flames which in a few moments succumbed to the little giant. The bark stored near the works was of greater value by far than the mills, and to the efforts of the firemen both of Smethport and Bradford the Extract Company feel indebted for that the fire was not a vast deal more destructive than it was.

At times while the fire raged hottest it seemed as if no amount of work would suffice to save several buildings in the vicinity from destruction, and flying embers ignited the dry bark all about the factory, road and depot, and required the most vigilant attention and constant work to prevent it from breaking into irresistible proportions. Men mounted the house tops all about and with buckets of water handed them, wet the roofs down from time to time and thereby frustrated the fire. The store of James Tracy—as well as the station building and Sowers' hotel were fired several times but constant attention prevented them from being lost.

The loss as estimated by Mr. Backus, the manager, will fall some where about $35,000, while the insurance will foot up about $20,000. It is impossible at this time to ascertain what proportion of the machinery, if any, will be serviceable again, and this may make material alterations both in loss and insurance.

The origin of the fire is supposed to have been from a spark from the furnace alighting in the fine bark dust in the upper part of the building. This is certainly a more plausible theory than that it could have been started by a spark from the smoke stack, as some suppose, for the reason that the stiff breeze blowing all the forenoon would have prevented sparks, if they had fallen from the stack, from alighting on the building or anywhere near it. The watchman was supposed to be on duty at the establishment on Sundays but had gone to his dinner, therefore the origin of the fire can only be conjectured.

Monday, September 25, 1882, as Geo. Backus, son of J. C. Backus, was handling a pistol it was discharged and lodged the ball with which it was loaded in the palm of his left hand, after passing through the flesh of his little finger. A surgeon was summoned and the ball extracted. It is thought that, owing to the youth of the boy, fourteen, his hand will not be disfigured to any considerable extent, or rendered in any degree useless, but George will in the future entertain different views on the subject of fire arms from those he had in the past.

Died.—In Smethport, Sunday, October 1st, 1882, Esek Smith, aged 77 years. The remains were interred in Norwich cemetery Tuesday.

In Norwich township at one o'clock Thursday morning, October 5, 1882, of typhoid fever, Clementine, daughter of Theron H. and Sarah Colegrove, aged 16 years. Will be interred in Norwich cemetery at 11 a. m. to-morrow.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 3, Smethport, Pa.

Attend the Olean races July 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

FRANK GODINO RECEIVES THE DEATH SENTENCE

The Court Decided Friday Afternoon That the Man Must Hang.

APPEAL MADE FOR A NEW TRIAL

But it was Denied by Judge Bouton—Doqui and Caruso Get Fifteen Years—Brewer is Found Guilty and Sentenced —Other Matters.

That Frank Godino must pay the penalty for his crime was the opinion of the Court last Friday afternoon. The doomed man was brought into the court room at two o'clock in the custody of Sheriff Mitchell and Turnkey Welch. His counsel, Attorneys E. L. Keenan and T. H. Morrison, in an eloquant and forceful manner argued for a new trial for the convicted man and presented six reasons why a new trial should be had, as follows:

First—There was no evidence to warrant a verdict above second degree.

Second—There was no evidence of an attempt to rob.

Third—Godino simply went to make a collection.

Fourth—There was no evidence of premeditation to commit a crime.

Sixth—Everything considered Godino was not given a fair trial, morally speaking, although legally the trial was fair.

The action of the Court in the appeal is as follows:

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs. Francis Godino, Rocco Doqui, Salvator Caruso and Filipo Frisini.

In the Court of Oyer and Terminer of McKean County.

No. —, June Term, 1906.

And now, to-wit, June 15, 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m., the said Francis Godino, being brought into open court in custody of the high sheriff of said county, and the rule to show cause why a new trial should not be granted, returnable at this time, together with the motion and reasons for new trial having been fully and carefully considered, it is now ordered that the said rule to show cause be discharged and the said motion for new trial, and reasons therefor be overruled and dismissed and the said Francis Godino being in open court in custody as aforesaid, and it being demanded of him if he hath or knoweth anything to say wherefore the said Court of Oyer and Terminer should not proceed to judgment and sentence against him, he nothing further saith unless as he before had said. Whereupon all and singular the premises aforesaid being seen and by the Judge of the said Court fully understood, it is considered, adjudged and sentenced by the said Court: That you the said Francis Godino, be taken from this place to the jail of the County of McKean, from whence you came, and within the walls or yard of the said jail, be hanged by the neck according to law, until you are dead; and you are now committed to the custody of the High Sheriff of the said County of McKean for the purpose of having the sentence carried into execution.

By the Court,

JOS. W. BOUTON, P. J.

The prisoner looked haggard and depressed and when the death sentence was pronounced he had nothing to say and did not give way to his emotions as he did upon the occasion when the verdict of the jury was rendered.

On Thursday afternoon Judge Bouton sentenced Rocco Doqui to 15 years of solitary confinement in the [redacted] penitentiary at Pittsburg. Salvator Caruso, a companion in the crime with Doqui, was brought into court and he pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree. He was also given 15 years of solitary confinement. Filipo Frisini, who was also a participant in the crime, will be tried at the October term of criminal court.

Isaac Arnot, who was charged with larceny, was adjudged insane and was taken to the asylum at Warren.

In the case of Peter and Frankie Donnelly, charged with violating the license laws in Bradford, the former pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $500, costs of prosecution and be confined in the county jail for three months. Frankie was acquitted.

The case of the Com. vs. William Brewer, charged with statutory rape upon the person of Linda Goodall, a 14-year-old girl, occupied the attention of the court on Friday. The case was of an unsavory nature and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. He was put on trial Saturday on the indictment of felonious assault and found guilty. He was sentenced to six years on the first count and 18 months on the second.

Allan Brower, who had been tried and found guilty of statutory rape at the first week's session of court was sentenced to undergo six years' imprisonment in the western penitentiary.

Other cases disposed of Saturday were—J. C. Taylor, the actor, barber and ventriloquist, who tried to take his goods out of a boarding house in Bradford to slip a board bill, got two months in the county jail and a fine of $200. John Tyrell, the frisky individual who kicked in the windows of the street car office in Bradford, was directed to get out of the county and stay out.

Court adjourned Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock after a strenuous two weeks session in which much was accomplished. Several bailable cases were held over until the October term.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Ideal Rebekah Lodge, No. 63, I. O. O. F., held Monday evening, the following resolutions were read and adopted.

Whereas, it is with profound sorrow we learn of the death of our dear sister, Georgia Freeman, we bow our heads in humble submission to the allwise member of our fraternity who has called her from her labor to eternal refreshment and joy; thus severing a link from our chain, whereby we lose a true and loyal sister, the parents a loving daughter, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trouble, and commend them to the allwise Father for comfort and protection. And be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for sixty days in honor of our dear and beloved sister, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our lodge and published in the local papers and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

MAUDE FROST,
MISSIE A. STRONG,
EDGAR W. STRONG,

Industrial Exhibit.

On Thursday afternoon and evening, June 28, in the M. E. chapel the ladies of the missionary society of the M. E. church will hold an exhibit of the work done by the industrial classes which have been conducted under their supervision during the past year. There will be no admission at the exhibit.

During the afternoon there is to be a sale of cooked food by the ladies of the society and also a candy sale under the auspices of the Epworth League. Ice cream and cake and lemonade and wafers will be served afternoon and evening.

In the evening an entertainment, consisting of drills, recitations, songs and a Mother Goose medley will be given in the church to which an admission of 25 cents for adults and 15 cents for children will be charged. All are cordially invited to attend both afternoon and evening.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell Lovermin powder. I Sells for 25c per can, one piece $1 for 10 cans. No vermin on poultry or animals can live where used. For weather breeds lice and, disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send $1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 588, Scranton, Pa.

Sunday Train on P., S. & N.

Beginning Sunday, June 24, 1906, the P., S. & N. R. R. will put on a Sunday train between Mt. Jewett and Olean. This train will leave Smethport 8:12 a. m. arriving Olean 9:30 a. m. Returning leave Olean 7:15 p. m., arriving at Smethport 8:36 p. m. No change will be made in arrival and departure of other P., S. & N. trains at Smethport. For further particulars inquire of agent or address Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa., or Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Auction Sale.

Notice is hereby given that I will expose for sale at auction on my farm near Farnums Valley postoffice on Wednesday, the 27th day of June, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property:

1 team heavy work horses,
1 pair trucks,
1 pair sleighs,
1 double work harness.

The above mentioned property to be sold by virtue of my common law lien which I have for their keeping.

FRANK CALDWELL,
Farmers Valley.

For Sale.

Farm, 430 acres, situate about four miles west of the village of Friendship, N. Y., on the main travelled highway between the villages of Friendship and Cuba; well watered, young orchard consisting of apple, pear, plum and cherry; sufficient wood for farm and building purposes, sixty head of stock and some other personal property. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Only small payment required down. Address Look Box 158, Friendship, N. Y.

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order now. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer.

MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

WANTED—Men to peel bark in Potter county. Good wages. Apply to B. C. Farrell, Supt., Costello, Pa.

Whitcola, the great shoe, glove and clothing cleaner at Fry & Comes and J. Colegrove's.

LOCALS WALLOP DERRICK CITY AND KANE A. C

The Tool Dressers Get Theirs on Saturday, Score 5 to 3.

KANE A. C. WAS EASY YESTERDAY

Smethport Team is Playing Winning Ball, Taking Three Straight—Bad Weather for Crowds.

Yesterday the Smethport ball team played its third home game, under the same threatening weather conditions that has prevailed at the previous games and therefore it was only a success in the matter of adding another victory to the list. This time the Kane A. C. was the victim to the tune of 9 to 4.

Smethport was first at bat and two bases on balls, a sacrifice and an error netted them two runs. The visitors got one run in their half on a pass and two errors.

In the second the home team got three more on a hit by pitcher, a hit and a very careless throw of Glavin's bunt to third base when there was no one there to stop it.

This ended the run getting until Kane's half of the fifth when they scored one more and two more in the sixth. Smethport scored one in the sixth, one in the seventh and two in the eighth.

SMETHPORT 5, DERRICK CITY 2.

The Smethport baseball team was again successful last Saturday afternoon, beating the Derrick City team at Kane Field by a score of 5 to 2 in a five inning contest.

The game started off with Derrick City at bat, and by some loose playing on the part of the locals and good hitting by the visitors they managed to get two runs before the side was retired.

Daniels was the first man up for the home team and he reached first with a hit but the next three men up were easy outs.

In the second inning Knerr was up for the visitors and although he managed to get a hit off Big Pitch he got out easily running to second and the two men following did not reach first base.

The second inning was a blank for the home team, but in the third they got two scores. Estry struck out, Fuller reached first on a bad play, stole second, Daniels did the same, McCabe went out, Tull made a hit that brought in Fuller and Daniels and Riley went out, Watson to Hyde. Score 2 to 2.

The run getting as far as the visitors were concerned were at an end, but the locals managed to get one run in the fourth and two in the fifth by timely hitting. In the fourth Croissant and Andrews were easy outs, Brown connected for a single, Estry hit for two bags, bringing Brown home, Fuller got out.

Daniels opened the fifth by striking out, McCabe got out at first, Tull connected for three bags, Riley reached first on an error, Croissant made a single, scoring Tull, Andrews also got a hit and scored Riley, Brown retired the side.

The visitors had been retired in the sixth when a heavy rain put an end to further playing.

There is no mistaking the fact that the teams put up a good exhibition of baseball. The locals touched Delo up for seven hits, one a double and one a triple. They also fielded well and made two double plays. The Derrick City team, although only getting three hits off of Fuller, played first class ball.

The tabulated score follows:

Derrick City	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Naher, ss	2	0	0	0	1	0
Aiello, 1f	2	0	0	0	0	2
Walker, c	2	1	0	5	2	0
Hyde, 1b	2	0	1	9	0	0
Watson, 2d	2	0	0	0	5	0
Knerr, 3d	2	0	1	0	1	0
Lowry, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Page, cf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Delo, p	2	1	0	0	2	0
Total	19	2	3	15	9	2

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, 2d	3	1	1	1	2	0
McCabe, 3rd	3	0	0	0	2	1
Tull, ss	3	1	2	1	2	1
Riley, c	3	1	0	5	3	0
Croissant, 1st	3	0	1	6	1	0
Andrews, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Brown, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Estry, lf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Fuller, p	2	1	0	1	2	0
Total	25	5	7	15	12	2

By innings:									
Derrick City	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Smethport	0	0	2	1	0	2	0	0	5

Earned runs—Smethport 1.
Three base hit—Tull.
Two base hit—Estry.
Struck out—by Fuller 5; by Delo 5.
Double plays—McCabe to Daniels to Croissant; Daniels to Tull to Croissant.
Wild pitch—Delo.
Passed balls—Walker 1; Riley 1.
Umpire—McClure.

All Horsemen Take Notice.

The famous Percheron stallion, "Toxique," will be at Hayes' Livery Stable at Hazelhurst every Thursday evening and until Friday noon, during the season of 1906. Hans Percheron Horse Co.

Lost.

A brass cap of automobile wheel bearing the name of Northern Mfg. Co. The finder will be suitably rewarded if returned to this office.

Subscribe for the MINER.

New Dolphin Play.

The waters of the gulf of California teem with other wealth than pearls. Here are fish of every description. The tuna is abundant, and the gamy Spanish mackerel is everywhere. The dolphin seems monarch of all the gulf. In the vicinity of the great island of Carmen they are encountered by the thousand. One school, comprising many hundreds, were encountered by the steamer on which the writer was passenger a short distance from the beautiful bay of Escondido. They were all and made instant when they observed us going in the opposite direction. Suddenly the leaders, in a clearly evidenced spirit of rollicking sea dog fun, turned every one of them and gave chase to the steamer. It was perfectly evident they enjoyed the performance as much as the spectators. For a little while the noise was deafening, as if a thousand gamins of the streets had been turned loose in a go-as-you-please bathhouse. Then, having proved their ability to catch up with the steamer, they all suddenly veered and sped southward.—Sunset Magazine.

An Elder Brother.

In a case in the orphans' court of an eastern city one of the principal witnesses was asked if he had any brothers or sisters.

"I had a brother," he replied, "but he died 150 years ago."

"What? A hundred and fifty years ago?" echoed the judge, with an implied rebuke for a possible jest.

"Yes, I am telling you the truth. My father was married at nineteen years of age. Within the year a son was born to him, who shortly afterward died. Becoming a widower before he was thirty, my father married again at the age of seventy-five. I was born next year. I am at present ninety-four years old. If you will make the necessary calculation by adding my age, ninety-four, to the number fifty-six, which is the difference between seventy-five and nineteen, the ages of my father at the time of his respective marriages, the result will be exactly 150. So it is just a century and a half since my brother died."

Let the Children Play.

It is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes that they are cursed all the forenoon of life and stupid all its afternoon. The vigor and freshness which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence if practical life have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery—by gluttony and lesson bibbing. Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for the light youth has more need for intellectual rest than age, and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work which make many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit not of his hours of labor, but to that of his hours of idle in boyhood.—Huxley.

Rogers as a Story Teller.

Charles Dickens used to describe the way in which Samuel Rogers, the old and feeble, A. manservant told dinner table stories when a behind his chair and at appropriate intervals would thus admonish master: "Tell Mr. Dickens, sir, the story of the Hon. Charles Townshend and the beautiful Miss Curzon." The old poet would start in a slow chant: "The Hon. Charles Townshend became enamored of Miss Curzon. She was lovely, virtuous. He bribed her maid to conceal him in her chamber, and when she arrived to dress for a ball emerged from his hiding place. She looked at him fixedly, then said, 'Why don't you begin?' She took him for the hairdresser."

Two Ways of Putting It.

Two groups of persons were seated in a railway station, according to Lippincott's Magazine. One consisted of a fashionably attired pair, the other of a pair who looked as if they were from the country. They had been there only a few minutes when a girl came in whose complexion was as nearly perfect as anything in this world ever is. While she was buying her ticket the young man remarked to the ladies with him:

"Isn't Miss Cranford a beauty? Her complexion is as perfect as a rose."

At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm and whispered:

"Lord, Nan, hasn't that girl got a purty hide?"

Sterne and Garrick.

Sterne, who had the reputation of treating his wife very badly, was one day talking to Garrick in a sentimental way in praise of conjugal fidelity and love. "The husband," he declared, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burned over his head."

"In that case," replied Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

An Exception.

"Which is the first and most important sacrament?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a girl preparing for confirmation. "Marriage," was the prompt response. "No, baptism is the first and most important sacrament," the teacher corrected. "Not in our family," said the pupil haughtily. "We are respectable."

No gentleman ever finds it necessary to proclaim his character in the assertion that he is a gentleman.—Duluth News-Tribune.

SUZETTE'S SOLUTION

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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It was only a few minutes until train time, and the woman who all the morning had been wandering restlessly about the house forced her reluctant consciousness to the realization of the fact that soon, very soon, Suzette would be here. Suzette, after her four years at an eastern college, was coming home. And what was she, Helena Crosby, going to say to the girl? It was in answer to Helena's own urgent appeal that the girl was coming—that and Sanford's letter. Despite the warmth of the sweet June day Helena shivered. What was she to say?

Sanford's letter spoke for itself. In clear, unmistakable terms it begged Suzette to give up that long dreamed year in Europe and come back and marry him. His anxiously awaited promotion had arrived. He was at last in a position to ask the fulfillment of their boy and girl pledge. Helena knew well enough what the letter contained. Had she not practically dictated the substance of it?

And Suzette's only answer had been a noncommittal telegram, "Starting for home today."

Did she mean to marry Robert or did she not? That was the question which over and over again rose feverishly to the sister's mind. Since Suzette was sixteen and Robert twenty-three, the two had been engaged; or, rather, there had been an understanding between them. Then Suzette had gone to college and Robert had followed his regiment to the Philippines.

Had the trouble begun, then, wondered Helena dully, when a triangular chain of correspondence linked the three? Or was it not until Sanford had come to Helena first to talk about the absent Suzette, then to argue and tease about her own concerns and, lastly, to discuss that never tiring topic of conversation to a man—himself? Helena could not tell, but lightly, unthinkingly, they had drifted along until all unwittingly a sudden shock laid bare the truth to lover and sister that a new feeling, stronger, deeper, had taken the place of that childish affection.

Sanford, manlike, had wanted to admit the truth and face the consequences, but Helena, her heart a fiery turmoil of conflicting emotions, would not listen. Still who, although only a year and a half the older, had been always mother, nurse, everything to the cherished little sister—she to be the one to destroy that sister's happiness, break forever her faith in humankind?

"Impossible!" cried Helena, her gray eyes dark with anguish, and from that determination she could not be shaken, despite Robert's most impassioned pleadings.

"I cannot hurt Suzette," was her unswerving answer, and at last Robert, desperate—had written Suzette. Since the thing must be met let it be met at once. Let them be married at once and return to the Philippines. It was the only remedy either could see.

And so it was that Helena Crosby could see nothing fair or lovely in the clear, warm sunshine, the rustling bird filled trees. When would Suzette come? And what would be the end? This was all her tired brain could carry.

There was a crisp footfall in the street, a sharp tinkle of the bell, then the sound of Suzette's voice in a low interchange of words: a refreshing, heavier footstep. The next moment the girl had sprung into the room. Her arms closed about Helena.

"Why, you darling!" she cried. "Why, Helena dear," as her quick eye noted the signs of suffering in the elder's face. Helena tried to smile.

"It is nothing, sweetheart," she answered. "Only a touch of headache," falling back on woman's never failing excuse. "Oh, Suzette! How glad I am to see you!"

Suzette laughed, hugging her close. The girl's cheeks were flushed to a vivid pink; her blue eyes, her piquant little mouth, her wavy soft brown hair all seemed alive with youth and joyousness. A breath from the brilliant, blooming outer world seemed to have strayed in with her. A soft rose lit Helena's throat. How soon—ah, how long would Robert remain!

Suzette, tossing off hat and gloves, turned suddenly quiet, patching the elder girl's hands, pulled her down into the big chair, so often the shelter for them both. Her eyes were serious now.

"Tell me what it all means," she demanded practically. "Why is Robert in such a hurry all at once? He seems to have vanished without me altogether fairly well—with an unkind little laugh. "Why, there! His sudden eagerness—"

"His promotion has come to the Philippines," stammered Helena. It was going to be even harder than she had fancied. If to give up Robert to an invisible, intangible little sister had been difficult enough, the renouncing of him to this radiant, splendid young creature—"He thinks best," she faltered. "He"—

"He thinks I will go with him to the Philippines," put in Suzette keenly. "I!" There was incredulous protest in every line of the pretty face.

Helena flushed.

"Why, surely, dear, as his wife"—she began, but Suzette interrupted.

"Not I!" she declared decisively. "No heathen lands for me! It's absurd!"

"Absurd!" echoed Helena. "But Suzette, dear—if you love him. Surely you love him?" she insisted strenuously. Suzette's chin tilted resentfully.

"Do I?" she said. "Not enough for that, anyway. After all, I haven't seen Robert in ages, and we were only babies when—when we were so foolish," her own wild rose tint deepening. "He is unreasonable. How do I know whether I love him?"

"But you do!" broke in Helena passionately. "Of course you do; you always have loved him, dearest. And he loves you," bravely.

"I'm! Does he?" was the dubious response. "Well—perhaps. But I—listen, Helena," her voice sharpening suddenly. "You—you remember Mr. Williams? I've written about him."

"Yes," answered Helena, surprised. The little face was hidden now on her shoulder.

"Well—well"—came a muffled sound—"he has always known of my engagement to Robert—so when I told him that I was coming home he—he would not let me come alone. He is older than I, a good deal," went on the voice. "He—he cares for me very dearly, though. He wants to take me abroad, to let me study"—

A sudden blind resentment surged through Helena.

"But—but Robert," she urged vehemently. "He cares for you, too; you know he does. He has not so much to offer"—an unreasoning loyalty to the absent soldier sweeping her along. "He—he"—stammering as she remembered.

A warm little arm crept about her neck.

"But you will help me," begged the voice. "You—you will tell him"—

"Tell him, what?" uttered Helena sharply. There was fear, almost terror in the cry.

Suzette sat upright.

"That—that I am married," said Suzette distinctly. "Frederick would not take the risk of losing me. And—and so we were married in Denver. He brought me here. He is coming back in an hour. You—you are not angry?" wistfully.

"Married!" gasped Helena. For a moment she remained quite still, seeking to absorb, to realize the wonderful fact. "You—married!"

"Yes," said Suzette meekly.

"And—and you are happy?" her first thought, as ever, for Suzette.

"Yes," said Suzette, a sparkle of laughter breaking forth.

"And—and Robert?"

"Robert I leave to you," said Suzette. "You must explain"—

But Helena, comprehending at last, sprung toward the telephone. As she watched the girl's face changed a new and wholly sweet expression crept across the mobile features, revealing unsuspected depths.

"And did you two think that I could not understand?" she breathed, a tender renunciation shadowing the blue eyes. "Did you think I could not guess the truth? Oh, sister, my dearest sister, I leave Robert—to you."

His Substitution.

"My son is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?" remarked the fond father to the new Boston High school teacher.

"Well," answered the pedagogue, "your son has been exposed to algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."

The case of the youth was not hopeless, for most institutions now permit substitutions. A writer in the Boston Transcript recalls a youth who had not studied astronomy, but had taken Greek history. A substitution was granted. He had not studied trigonometry, but he had received outside instruction in practical electricity. The substitution was also accepted.

"But," said the principal, "you do not seem to have taken moral philosophy, or anything I could regard as an equivalent. How about it?"

"That came, sir, I remember, in the spring term, when I was out of school on account of having the typhoid fever, and I did not know but that you would let me make the substitution."

The effect of typhoid fever is excellent on the system, but the principal could not see its moral educational value.

The Wrong Week.

Views of life are apt to be tinged by surroundings and circumstances which are entirely unimportant. "Your book is of a cynical and pessimistic turn of mind, I'm sorry to say," remarked the supply publisher to Mr. Lane of Centerville, with whom he was spending Sunday. "I deplore that tendency in the young men of today." And the publisher looked solemn, even severe.

"Well, now, I don't worry about that," said Mr. Lane thoughtfully, caressing his jaws. "You see, Addie Piper hasn't fully made up her mind yet to let him know that she intends to have him, and next Leap Hower. Soon as he gets his bearings on that point and the girl settles down a bit, there won't be anything cynical or pessimistic left in me."

"You're here one wrong week, that's all. Lon Hower had this Saturday night. If you were going to be here next Sunday, you'd notice a considerable lightening up. Ship's views. His mother and I are every other week."—Youth's Companion.

An Tropic Climate.

Karachi, a city in northern India, has a most unpleasant climate. The parched desert country behind Karachi has a terrific heat. Perspiration thirty drips away, often records 125 degrees F. The one mail train a day carries a coffin in the hot weather season for the use of passengers, if need be, and in one year long ago twenty-three Europeans engine drivers died while working their trains. A long journey by train in the hot season is particularly exhausting. Carriage windows are kept shut to exclude the heat, and sometimes not only does the woodwork get hot to the touch, but even the water carried in the tanks on the roof can scarcely be endured with the hand.

The Bright Side.

Words of cheer are words of help; words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side, we deepen its shadows. It is in your power to help or to hinder by a word thy and every person with whom we come in contact.

Shocking Precocity.

"What is the result," asked the teacher of the primary class in arithmetic, "when you put two and two together?"

"A kith," lisped the curly headed little girl in the front row.—Chicago Tribune.

The Mission of the Mother Confessor

By ALICE LOUISE LEE

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CLYDE BANGS sat in her favorite place in a green nook sheltered from the afternoon sun, which fell in showers of gold across the rippling lake in front of her.

Across the trestle spanning an arm of the lake thundered the afternoon express. Clyde clasped her hands over her knees and looked after it with a whimsical smile.

"What's done's done," she muttered. "Some way I wish, though, 'twere undone. I'm in no mood this summer to play the mother confessor."

She threw out her hands in a gesture of impatience with herself. Then she drew a letter from the pocket of her walking skirt and reread it. It bore the postmark of a distant college town and was brief.

Stoddard Parker was completing his college course, and in three months would sail for Hongkong to represent the interests of a large shipping firm. In two days he would pass through Lake Castro and had found that he could wait over there two hours, catching the next train south. "Would it be possible for me to see you during that wait?" he wrote. "I shall probably never again have the opportunity, and I feel that I must express some of the gratitude I owe you from the old institute days."

"Gratitude!" mused Clyde. "Always gratitude. Ah, well." Her eyes dreamily followed the train which was carrying her reply to Parker.

For eight years she had been the favorite teacher and, as she styled herself, the mother confessor to the students of a college preparatory institute—young men of widely varying ages and mental equipments. It was their habit to consult her on every subject from the color of their cravats to their love affairs, to quote her as final authority on every subject, to—

Clyde abruptly crossed her reverie, stuffed the letter into her pocket and arose. Along the path above the rocks she swung with a free, graceful and independent step. She was tall and slender, with too much of the mental and spiritual and too little of the physical for perfect symmetry either in form or character. Her face was colorless, save when embarrassment touched her cheeks aflame. Her eyes, uninterested, were cold; but when the spirit of vivacity possessed her they glowed and sparkled with fun and wit, transforming her into the fascinating woman around whom the institute students grouped themselves and worshiped.

The following day she received a telegram. "Will stop off from 9 to 11. Stoddard Parker."

The hot color suddenly flooded her cheeks, but she revenged herself on it by laughing loudly and calling to her sister, Annie, "I have a caller from abroad tomorrow."

Annie came rumbling in and dumped Baby Clyde unceremoniously into her sister's arms. "Who is she, Clyde?"

Clyde bent over the baby to hide her cheeks, but her voice was still carefree. "It's not a 'she,' but a 'he.'"

"Oh!" Annie's eyes opened wide.

"Now, Annie, don't be alarmed," teased Clyde, wholly herself again. "It's just an old student of mine, six years my junior, I presume, coming to learn in college what to do with his

"GRATITUDE!" MUSED CLYDE. "ALWAYS GRATITUDE."

hands and feet, but he didn't know at the institute. And I hope"—tossing the baby up—"that he has learned not to say 'Yes, ma'am,' to me. I could never break him of that awful habit myself."

"Did you try?" in an amused voice.

"Try! There are few things I didn't try to teach him, from the conjugation of Latin verbs to eating with a fork! He came from a farm, you know, a way back country farm."

That night in her room Clyde reread the letter and the telegram, then blew out her light and sat beside the window thinking. How many times during the four years of his institute course had she said to herself, "Here is a man I could easily love—if"— But he was only one of her numberless student worshipers, nothing more.

There were always so many to worship her, to sing her praises, to call her the finest teacher, the most helpful friend, the most intellectual woman, and she strove to be content with reverence, honor and adulation—and her work. The happy, upward lines on her face, the upward curve of her lips, indicated content. But sometimes a hunger for that something more which she never received beset her. She was hungry and restless now in her sister's quiet summer home at Castro.

Next morning she came down to breakfast dressed in white. She liked to wear white. It softened her face, which, she informed thirty years and the calves of spanking were sharpening.

"Auntie, you ain't a-goin' fishin' this mornin'?" exclaimed her eldest nephew, his fist plunged into his eye.

"No, my son, she's not going fishing as you understand the word," interposed his father, with a sly laugh which, to Clyde's disgust, embarrassed her.

"Mighty attractive you are, Clyde, with that combination of red cheeks and white dress," he added jocosely as she started for the kitchen.

She tried to laugh lightly and all the way across the lake took herself severely to task because the attempt had been a failure. If she should ever be self conscious, girl before Stoddard Parker! In a minute she made her boat fast to a bent tree overhanging the shore and hurried up the path through the grove to the station.

The whistle of the express caused her throat to throb unconformably. "I've lost the last grain of my common sense," she thought indignantly as she paused at the station door.

Parker stood on the rear platform, smiling at her before she saw him. As he swung himself down and clasped her hand in an unwelcome flash her old thought, forbidden, rushed over her. "Here is a man I could love"— Four years of college life had swept away the "if."

She realized it as she looked into his eyes. His old awkwardness and the consciousness of his deficiencies were gone. His old earnestness and honesty looked straight at her, and the touch of his hand conveyed that subtle, mineless something which had always drawn her, until she had been obliged to hold herself by that "if."

As they passed through the station Parker, with a courtly bow, held the swinging door open for her to pass. Clyde recalled the day many years ago when she, with gentle tact, had taught the big farmer student that lesson in courtesy, and a sudden sickening realization of age swept over her as she stepped out on the path.

As she led the way to the boat she talked rapidly, urged on by a frightened desire to reassure him that she always regarded herself as his elder friend and sister. When they reached the shore she turned and announced briskly:

"Here is our boat, and over there," pointing, "is my home."

Parker stopped and looked down at her with his old, slow smile, which revealed an undercurrent of tenderness that was a strong attribute of his nature.

"Suppose we don't go across the lake," he began persuasively. "It's so pleasant right here under this tree. I believe that trunk curved itself over expressly to make a seat for you to rest on now." He held out his hand to assist her.

It was odd to hear him suggesting and directing. As his teacher that had always been her prerogative. The color flushed into her face despite her efforts at perfect self control.

"Yes, it seems made for a mother confessor," she responded briskly, laying her palm in his outstretched hand.

As it closed over hers she was shaken by a sudden passionate protest against their former relative positions of teacher and student—a passionate desire to be just a girl again here among the flowers and sunshine.

Parker sat on the mossy bank at the roots of the tree and leaned forward, an elbow on his knee. He laid his hat beside him and looked at Clyde gravely. She settled back against the trunk, glad of an excuse to shield her eyes from the sun and him.

"It's good to be with you again," he said simply.

"It brings back old times, does it not," she laughed, "when you used to call me into the confessional to confess?"

He smiled and studied Lake Castro.

"Yes, that's what I'm going to do now."

"It's about time," gayly chiding. "It's been four years since your last confession. All my other boys have written me occasionally."

Parker picked up his hat and examined the crown. "Yes, we all remember you, some of us better than others, I judge," after a pause, shy the reports from the old institute follow us that you are surrounded with letters."

"Oh, no!" Clyde's frivolous voice belied her feelings. "I'm always glad to hear from them all."

An inscrutable expression passed over the man's face. "You were such a good friend to us all," he began and paused. Impulsively he rose, stepped down on the narrow beach and leaned against the trunk of the tree close beside her, as though he would break through the manner which belonged to the teacher and get within the radius of the woman.

"Some way back at the institute I could never tell you what I owe you. I started in there just a green country child, and you—well, you made me over. There were things I wanted to tell you before I left, but some way I couldn't. I think I've commenced dozens of letters to you, but they were never finished." He stopped and looked into her face, bent with his. "Where I feel most deeply I say the least."

A spider dropped to Clyde's shoulder, and she raised her hand to brush it off. But Parker was quicker. He sent the spider swinging away toward a branch, while his hand slipped from her shoulder in an unconscious caress.

Her heart beamed exultantly. Imperiously she quelled the promptings of her reason and welcomed the intoxication of his presence and his touch.

There was a brief silence, and then Parker's words aroused her to the old realization of her teacherhood. "I have wanted to express my gratitude, to tell you that I fully realize how much I owe you"—

"Don't!" The exclamation burst from Clyde's lips unbidden. She shrank from this man's gratitude as from a blow. Her tone was so full of pain that he leaned forward with a surprised inquiry.

"I did nothing, really nothing, which requires gratitude," she hurriedly added. Her tone was harsh.

He drew back gravely. "I know that such expressions must seem trite to you. All your students are grateful to you, but I think none of them has the subtle feminine intuitiveness that—"

"Never mind," Clyde interrupted lightly. "We're wasting time talking about gratitude."

She shook herself impatiently and slipped from her perch to the bench.

"MY LOVE FOR YOU HAS BEEN MY SPUR."

"Look at your watch, please. I want to know just how long a time is left."

Parker obeyed. "An hour." Then with a formality which sat oddly on him he asked, "What is your pleasure?"

"Now that you are here, I want to show you Lake Castro. We can row along the shady side. It's a beautiful spot."

She spoke with conviction, and yet, with her hand trailing in the water, the sunny lake looked cold, the hilly, wooded shores seemed desolate, and her long vacation stretched out before her in endless monotony.

Parker bent silently to his oars. He had come for the purpose of paying his debt to his teacher, and, thanked that privilege, she thought he had nothing further to say. She clasped her hands over her knees presently and broke the silence herself:

"Now, for the catechism. Question No. 1—When do you go to China?"

He glanced up, smiling. "In three months."

"No. 2—Who goes with you?"

Parker ceased rowing. "No one," he replied in a low voice. "You remember that at the institute I was never very social"—

The blood rushed over Clyde's face. "Oh, I don't mean that! I don't mean that! I mean a man! Are you going to conduct the business alone?"

She did not hear his reply, the moon in her ears made such a noise. Her embarrassment angered her. What would he think of it? She was making a dismal failure of her role.

Twenty minutes before train time they climbed the bank beside the bent tree and entered the path through the grove, Parker ahead. Clyde followed, weary with the mental strain of the past two hours.

Between twin oaks which overhung the path Parker suddenly stopped and turned resolutely around.

"Now," he began in a low, full voice, "I shall tell you what I came to say and you shall not stop me." His tone was masterful and his eyes shone with purpose. Instinctively he caught his hat off and stood before her uncovered. "There were things you taught me at the institute which I might have learned otherwise. While I thank you for them all, there is something I learned which you never meant to teach, and which no one else has ever taught me." His voice lingered. "That is what I came here today to thank you for. I—I have never written to you, because my safeguard and my strength. I have never written to you, because if I did I must say this and perhaps carry the impression that I expected a return. Face to face with you I can make you understand that I expect nothing"—

Clyde—her pulses—She leaned against the oak. "It's not possible," she whispered. "Love me, your mother confessor—so much older"—

"Older!" Parker's voice was scornful. He suddenly came nearer. "What are three years to stand in the way of a man's love? And as to the mother confessor"— He tossed the expression aside with an expressive gesture.

Over the trestle roared the mail train, but neither heard it. In Clyde's eyes shone all the hunger of her nature, and the mother confessor merged into the simple loving woman in Parker's arms.

Gentle Warning.

Clarence Callow—Did you notice that automobile just then? Well, it ran over a calf the other day and the chauffeur had to pay for it.

Miss Tabasco—That accounts for it.

Clarence Callow—Accounts for what?

Miss Tabasco—The way he almost knocked down a lamp post to avoid striking you.—Chicago News.

Triboulet, the Jester.

Here is a story of Triboulet, the jester of Francis I. and probably the most famous in history: "A great nobleman who had suffered from Triboulet's gibes threatened to have him flogged. The jester complained to the king. 'Have no fear,' Francis said, 'for if anyone were bold enough to kill you, I should have him hanged in an hour afterward.' 'Oh, sire,' replied Triboulet, 'would it not please your majesty to have him hanged an hour before?' Triboulet happened to be present at a meeting of the council at which there was a discussion as to the road by which the French army should invade Italy. 'Gentlemen,' interrupted the jester, 'you appear to consider yourselves very wise, but you are strangely mistaken, for you have forgotten the most essential point.' 'And what is the most essential point?' queried a grave councilor. 'It is simple enough,' answered Triboulet. 'You have deliberated at great length as to the road by which you shall enter Italy, but you have never thought of the one you will take when you have to leave it again.'"

60 Years Old

and generally played out, when I commenced to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," writes S. I. Young, of Hiram, Ohio. "For years I have suffered with inflammation and constant pain in the bladder and kidneys, and have gradually grown worse and expected at any time that passing urine by nature's effort would cease. Besides I have had rheumatic pain in every muscle and joint, and have suffered intensely, but I must say I have not in five years felt as well as I do now. Have improved daily since I began the use of

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March 5, 1905.

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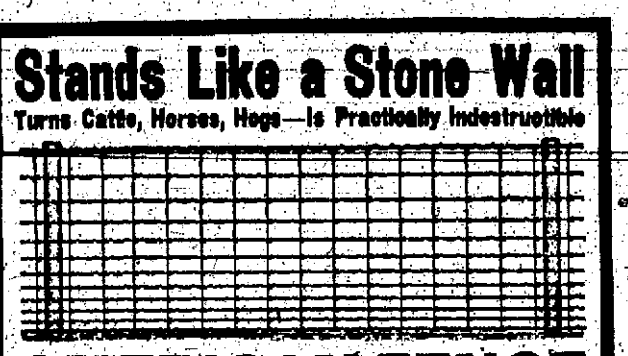

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 21, 1900.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Fry & Cone's will close their store at Hazelhurst in the near future.

—The Keystone window glass factory at Hazelhurst ceased operations for the summer's work on Saturday.

—Wellsville has about 40 cases of diphtheria under quarantine. Local physicians blame the epidemic on impure milk.

—The Eldred window glass factory will close for the season to-morrow. The Kervin factory will run until the last of June. They did not start until late.—Eldred Eagle.

—The big barn of W. C. Kendall, located on the road between Whitesville and Spring Mill, was struck by lightning about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and quickly burned to the ground. The barn contained a quantity of farming implements and tools. The loss is estimated at $5,000.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The death has just occurred at Westbury workhouse, Wiltshire, England, of a 46-year-old baby. The person was born in Westbury and at the age of 12 months its further development, both physically and mentally, was arrested. Throughout life it was attired in baby's frock clothes and continued to act and play and had to be fed and taken care of precisely as an infant.

—An exchange says: "A lady of our town has found a sure cure for broken dishes. If the dish to be mended can be tied together with a stout string, then place it in boiling milk and leave one hour. You can never tell the dish had been broken and you can afterwards put it in boiling water, without the pieces coming apart. This experiment has been tried and many are the broken dishes which are now as good as new."

—Last Saturday John F. Tuohy, in attempting to board a freight train at Duffey's, to ride to Eldred, was thrown so forcibly to the ground that his head was terribly cut and for a time it was feared he would not recover. His head struck a tie tearing the scalp and severing an artery. The wound bled copiously and 15 stitches were necessary to close it. He also received some severe bruises about the body. Mr. Tuohy is still confined to his bed but is recovering nicely.—Eldred Eagle.

Curious Belgian Competitions.

The Belgian peasant finds his leisure in a very curious manner. He breeds a speckled cock or crowing and that which can crow the longest is declared the highest glimmer of perfection. The cocks are mewed up in glass cages containing the feathers in long rows, for it appears that profundity creates the spirit of emulation without which the prospectus would fall flat. A medical specialist by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the hits are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the cock which scores the highest number of points in the allotted time.

Cooly.

"Is 'cooly' the name of a people? It is believed to be. The word belongs to all the Indian vernaculars. Etymologists have been tempted to find its origin in the Tamil "kuli," which means hire, payment for menial odd jobs or the hireling odd-job man himself, but it is pointed out in Dr. Murray's dictionary that when the word appears early in the seventeenth century it refers to a tribe of Guzerat, in the west of India, far from the Tamil speaking south—the Kuli, or Koli, who seem to have been often employed by Europeans as bearers and carriers.

Caustic Carlyle.

One day Thomas Carlyle went with Millais to look at the latter's house, and after gazing with wonder at all its splendors he turned to Millais and asked in his brusque manner, "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" The painter laughed and replied, "It has." "Then," rejoined the dweller of the modest house at Chelsea, "all I have to say is that there are more fools in the world than I thought there were."

It Wouldn't Be Right.

"Now, Susie," said the teacher, "if your father should agree to work for $2.50 a day and at the end of six days should bring home $13, would that be right?"

"No, ma'am," replied Susie, "an' it wouldn't take ma long to tell him so, you bet you."

Let not merry be thy profession lest thou become a make sport. He that hath but gained the title of a jester let him nature himself the fool is not far off.—Quarles.

The Clock and the Man.

When a clock is fast you can always turn it back, but it's different with a young man.—New York Times.

MADE FROM NATIVE ROOTS.

SAFE AND RELIABLE.

That the roots of many native plants, growing wild in our American forests, possess remarkable properties for the cure of human maladies is well proven. Even the untutored Indian had learned the curative value of some of these and taught the early settlers their uses. The Indian never liked work so he wanted his squaw to get well as soon as possible that she might do the work and let him fight. Therefore, he dug "papoose root" for her, for that was their great remedy for female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce uses the same root—called Blue Cohosh—in his "Favorite Prescription," skillfully combined with other agents that make it more effective than any other medicine in curing all the various weaknesses and painful derangements peculiar to women.

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For constipation, the true, scientific cure is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mild, harmless, yet sure.

CONTROL OF ENERGY.

Is It Possible For the Human Race to Avert Its Decline?

The only conceivable way in which the human intelligence can ever succeed in averting the "procession of the great year" is not by postponing the issue, but by reversing the process. The question is this: While energy is being dissipated in accordance with the natural law, can we so manipulate things as to accumulate energy, making the unavailable available, notwithstanding the fact that cosmic processes seem to be essentially irreversible? Now there is assuredly no inherent reason why we should not accomplish this. It is true that hitherto all the atomic evolution that has been observed is atomic disintegration. We may speak now, indeed, of the analysis of the elements. But so it was, we may remember, that the older chemistry began, and yet analytic chemistry was the precursor of synthetic chemistry. We began by breaking up compounds, but now we can make them—can, indeed, make compounds hitherto unknown in nature. Similarly, it is more than probable that we shall ere long learn to achieve the synthesis of the elements as well as their analysis. No energy is ever lost. Even when the radium atom, itself the child of the uranium atom, breaks down and dissipates its energy, ending, it is supposed, as the dull atom of lead, the original energies are not destroyed. Why should they not be gathered up again and—thus again become available? Are matter and energy to go on their way, ultimately destroying the human race? For myself, I incline to the view that victory will rest at last with "man's unconquerable mind."—C. W. Saleeby, F. R. S., in Harper's Magazine.

LIZARDS OF BARBADOS.

They Can Change Color and Drop Their Tails at Will.

The green lizards which swarm on every tree certainly have the hardest life of any creatures in Barbados, since their flesh is so delicate that everything eats them which can catch them. Cats, fowls, birds, monkeys and snakes all devour the poor lizards, which have only two methods of defending themselves, both very inadequate for the purpose. One is the power of changing their color, whereby they can appear bright green on one moment on the leaf of an aloe and then dark chocolate brown on a piece of damp earth. If they have not selected the tree of their choice they can change their hues. The caudal appendage jumps from the ground and makes a frantic dance all by itself, and if the parson is deluded into seizing it the lizard wrests itself of the clutches to escape and grow another tail.

For the rest the poor lizards are harmless things, with pathetic eyes, in which lurks an expression of weariness and distension, as though they were as old as the world itself and had found it all vanity and vexation of spirit. They are fond of plaintive ripple and will enter at the open windows when a piano is playing and sit listening and nodding their queer flat heads and looking out of those wistful eyes at the player till he or she, if of an imaginative temperament, might fancy she were playing to an audience of transmigrated souls.—Chambers' Journal.

Cigar Smoke and Love.

In Siam the lighting of a cigar indicates a betrothal. In that country a person wishing to become betrothed to the girl of his choice offers her a flower or takes a light from a cigar or a cigarette if she happens to have one in her mouth, and thereupon, provided there is no impediment in the birth months and years of the respective parties, steps are at once taken to arrange for the payment of the dowry. The families of the bride and bridegroom have each to provide at least $1,000. In Calabria, as in certain parts of India, a lighted taper or a lighted pipe betokens the acceptance of the suitor for the hand of a lady in marriage. In Siberia it is the custom that when a suitor has been accepted by a girl she presents him with a box of cigars and a pair of slippers as a sign that he is to be master in the house.

An Oddity in Toes and Digits.

There is one curious fact respecting the animal creation with which you will never become acquainted if you depend on your text books for information. It is this: No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is the type of one toed creation, the camel of the two toed; the rhinoceros of the three toed and the hippopotamus of four toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders belong to the great five toed tribe.

Fame.

Stranger (in Vienna)—Then this is the hotel which Beethoven used to frequent! I say, waiter, can you not show me the table at which Beethoven used to sit? Waiter—Beethoven? Stranger—Why, he very often came here! Waiter (bethinking himself)—Ah, yes! The gentleman is out of town.

Useless Labor.

Teacher—Johnny, I don't believe you have studied your geography. Johnny—No, mum, I heard pa say the map of the world was changin' every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things get settled.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Natural Privileges.

"It is a physical impossibility to keep a watering place exclusive."

"Why so?"

"Because there anybody who pleases can be in the swim."—Baltimore American.

Ambition.

Ambition becomes displeasing when it is once satisfied. There is a reaction, and as our spirit till our last sigh is always aiming toward some object, it falls back on itself, having nothing else on which to rest and having reached the summit it longs to descend.—Corneille.

QUAINT PRESENTS.

Odd Wedding Gifts That Have Been Received by Celebrities.

Celebrities are often the recipients of quaint presents. For instance, on the marriage of Queen Victoria the farmers of East and West Pennard, Somersetshire, wishing to show their loyalty manufactured from the milk of 70 cows an immense cheese nine feet in circumference. The gift was graciously accepted and was stored at Buckingham palace, where it would undoubtedly have found its way to the royal table had not its donors wished to exhibit it as an advertisement. Their request was granted, but after it had been exhibited and the makers would have returned it her majesty signified that owing to the altered conditions she could not accept it as a gift.

An equally homely gift was made to the late King Charles of Wurttemburg on the morning of his marriage to Princess Olga of Russia. A peasant woman sent him a pair of trousers of her own design, with a note expressing the hope that they might be found a better cut and fit than those which she had last had the honor of seeing his majesty wear.

The Italian singer, Signor Mario, inspired a hopeless passion in the hearts of so many women that at the time of his wedding some of this affection found expression in various strange gifts. One was in the shape of a cushion stuffed with tresses from the heads of many of his hopeless admirers. Another was from a lady in Munich who had had one of her teeth set in a scarfpin surrounded with pearls and emeralds. In an accompanying note she expressed the hope that by sometimes wearing the gift he might be reminded of his unknown worshipper.—New York Herald.

THE FIRST SPECTACLES.

They Were Made in Italy in the Thirteenth Century.

Spectacles were invented late in the thirteenth century. The use of glass to aid the sight of defective eyes is, however, much older. Nero looked through a concave glass in watching the gladiatorial games, but many other historical men of his day were dependent on similar devices for lengthening their sight.

Till the latter part of the thirteenth century only the single glass was in use. In 1299 the double glass was invented, and in the fourteenth century spectacles were used quite frequently by the very wealthy and high born, although they were still so scarce that they were bequeathed in will with all the elaborate care that marked the disposition of a feudal estate. The first spectacles were made in Italy.

Somewhat later the manufacture of concave glasses sprang up in Holland, and it spread late in the fourteenth century to Germany. Nuremberg and Ratisbon acquired fame for their glasses between 1400 and 1500.

For many years glasses were used only as a means of aiding bad eyes until the fashion of wearing merely for the sake of wearing them sprang up in Spain. It spread rapidly to the rest of the continent, and brought about the transformation of the old thirteenth century spectacles into eyeglasses and eventually into the monocle.

Quicksilver.

Quicksilver is found in veins of rocks, like gold, silver and other metals. Sometimes the tiny globules of the mercury appear in the interstices of the rock, but usually it is found in the form of cinnabar, a chemical compound containing 13.8 per cent of sulphur and 86.2 per cent mercury. When pure and reduced to a powder it is a bright red color.

The principal uses of quicksilver are for reducing free gold and silver in placer and quartz mining, for manufacturing vermillion paints and dyes, for backing mirrors, for making thermometers and many other scientific instruments.

What Water Did.

A certain liquor dealer, a hard headed old Scot, grew rich in the trade. After he had grown rich the old man built himself a fine house, a fifty foot mansion on the hill, with a park around it, with conservatories, stables and outbuildings—in a word, a palace. One day the old Scot rode in the omnibus past his fine house. A temperance man pointed up at the grand edifice and said, with a sneer, "It was the whisky built that, wasn't it?" "Na, na," says the water," the Scot answered.—London Mail.

The First Sapphire.

There is an Indian legend that Brahma, the creator, once committed a sin that he might know the torments of remorse and thus be able to sympathize with mortals. But the moment he had committed it he began repeating the mantras, or prayers of purification, and in his grief dropped on the earth a tear, the hottest that ever fell from an eye, and from it was formed the first sapphire.

Happy Thought.

Doctor—Your throat affection is one of the rarest in the world and is of the deepest interest to the medical profession. Patient—Then remember, doctor, when you make out your bill that I haven't charged anything for letting you look down my throat.

The Strong Point.

He—Really, I never loved anybody before. She—That isn't the point. Are you sure you'll never love anybody by and by?

In so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury, and if he is overcome you share his guilt.—Johnson.

Horse Sense.

"Now, he's got what I really call 'horse sense.'"

"How, for instance?"

"He never bets on one."—Philadelphia Press.

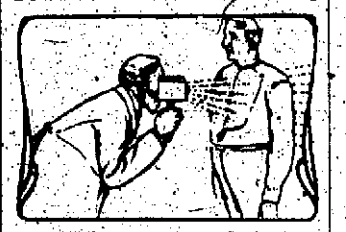
The man who stands in his own light must expect to be thrown in the shade.

DOCTORS' FEES.

A Medical View of the Charges and Work of Physicians.

The law of supply and demand regulates medical compensation to a very great extent. It is a natural phenomenon, over which neither the professor nor the laity have much control. Where there are many physicians of equal ability competition grinds down the fees. If the income drops below living expenses the least successful leave the community or take up other means of getting bread and butter. The fittest survive, and in every locality the composition of the profession is in a state of constant flux—never the same from year to year and constantly regulating itself to the work to be done. When a man develops exceptional skill his services are demanded more and more. They are bid up by competitors on the other side. He is, indeed, compelled to raise his fees to prevent overwork, strange as that may seem. He would not be doing his duty by his patients if he tried to treat a hundred a day, and that many would crowd his offices if his fees were 25 cents. It is also a fact that a surgeon can do more now than ever before—a few can do wonders as compared with the surgeons of a century ago—and they receive more in proportion by the operation of natural law. How they gained this ability is immaterial to the question. Indeed, not all have ability to profit by fortuitous opportunities to learn surgery.—American Medicine.

CONSUMPTION'S WARNING



Inside facts soon become evident in outside symptoms.—Dr. G. G. Green.

The aid of scientific inventions is not needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms can be readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

There is no disease known that gives so many plain warnings of its approach as consumption, and no serious disease that can be so quickly reached and checked, if the medicine used is Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which is made to cure consumption.

It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warnings are given in the cough that won't quit, the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration.

But no matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

New trial bottles, 25c. Regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Explanations

are often highly unsatisfactory. Ask a tinker why he charged usual prices for a botch job of plumbing and he is dumb. Discharge the tinker and hire us. Our

Plumbing Work

is high grade, stands closest inspection and is as cheap as others. Material used, like our work, is A1. Get us for spring plumbing and the it done right. Terms to suit.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUNK BLOCK. **Smethport.**

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

WE CARRY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM.

TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

Penn Forest Times

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: $1.25 per year, if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per insertion, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Obituaries and testimonials notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 21, 1906.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has made a loan of $50,000,000 in France to give them sufficient funds to carry out their proposed improvements.

LITTLE FREDDIE MUTH, who was kidnapped from school at Philadelphia on Tuesday of last week was recovered from his captor on Monday, and his captor, John Joseph Keau, placed under arrest. The boy was unharmed. Keau is a former stockbroker and was driven to this work by his straitened circumstances.

THE uprisings in Russia are still most horrifying. At Bialystok the Revolutionists have killed and wounded hundreds, most of whom are Jews. The bodies of the Jews are in each case horribly mutilated, but when a Christian is killed the body is usually left intact. It is claimed that in some instances the soldiers are assisting in the massacre of the Jews.

THE daily papers are again displaying startling headlines relative to terrible massacres of Hebrews in Russia. There is a day of reckoning coming for Russia and from all indications it is not far distant. It will be fearful in its effects, although entirely deserved. The spirit of the twentieth century does not countenance such atrocities and sooner or later they will be stopped.

FREEDOM for a man who pleaded guilty to selling merchandise valued at nearly $100,000 which did not belong to him, and appropriating the money, and six years in prison for another who stole 25 cents, were portions meted out to two prisoners the other day, says a New York City dispatch. While honesty is still the best policy it behooves a man to be a "big" thief, if a thief at all.

GOVERNOR John M. Pattison of Ohio, died at his home in Milford, a suburb of Cincinnati on Monday, after a prolonged illness. His death came suddenly and was a surprise to even his physicians and family, and was caused by a relapse. Mr. Pattison was elected last November and inaugurated January 1, but owing to illness had been unable to attend to his duties. The Lieutenant Governor, Andrew L. Harris, Republican, succeeds him and he was sworn in Monday evening. Governor Pattison was a Democrat.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 16, 1906.

Interest in the Beef Trust fight still keeps to the fore. The latest excitement and resentment has been at the Capitol where a letter from the President landed late this week telling Chairman Wadsworth of the Agricultural Committee just what the President thought of the substitute for the Beverage Amendment proposed by the majority of the committee. The letter goes over the situation in detail and shows that the House substitute for the inspection law is about as dead as it could be. It appears to have been drawn by the counsel for the packers and if it had been, as it probably was, it could not more nearly meet the requirements of the Beef Trust. The President says that he may sign it, but that if he does it will be with plainly written reservations. It is more probable that the measure will not be passed at all at this session and that the whole matter will be allowed to go over. This would suit the wishes of the Beef Trust and of all their friends of whom they have many in the House.

Second only to the interest in the meat inspection bill is that aroused this week by the Department of Justice in finding indictments against the Fertilizer Trust. This trust is of more interest to the South than to the North as it has operated most largely in the states of Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia and North and South Carolina. The indictments found against it are six in number and charge violation of the Sherman law and conspiracy in restraint of trade. It is said that in the states where the trust has operated, it has been able to put up the price of fertilizer from $2.50 to $4 p ton above what it would have been under free competition. The price has already dropped an average of $2.50 per ton since the prosecutions have been impending.

One of the neat tricks of the trade that this investigation has unearthed has been the fact that the trust was practically engineered from Canada. There was a company organized up there under the laws of Ontario known as the Colonial Development Company and supposed to have nothing to do with fertilizer business in the States. But as a matter of fact it was acting as the controlling company for all of twenty-six supposedly independent companies in the United States, and was adjusting territory, regulating sales and distributing profits. Now all of these United States companies have been drawn into the case as defendants. Among others it will be noticed that Armour, Swift and some others of the big meat companies with whom fertilizer is an important by-product have been caught in the net and will have to answer for their participation in this as for a number of their other sins.

It took the Interstate Commerce Commission a good while to get busy in the coal and oil investigation under the Tillman-Gillespie resolution. It will be remembered that the first reply sent to Congress by the Commission was no reply at all and was indignantly returned by the authors of the resolution with orders to get to work. Well, the Commission has been working and has already turned a good deal of interesting material in the way of graft and corruption. But this week it sent out a circular letter to all of the railroads in the country that will furnish material for at least one volume of its prospective report. It wants to know the relation of all the roads to the coal and oil companies along their routes. Of course this will not touch all of the roads, because many of them have no coal and oil lands along their routes. But there are a few questions that nearly all of the roads will have to answer and one that all of them will be in on. It is the question of where they get their lubricating oil, how much they pay for it, who the officials are who buy it, who the agents are who sell it, and a lot of other things, all directed palpably against the Standard Oil Company which is generally understood to control the output of lubricating oil just as thoroughly as it does the market for gasoline and coal oil.

It is a question whether anyone will ever read the Commission's report though. It ought to contain almost as many volumes as the War Department's famous work, "The Records of the Rebellion." But the series will have a whole lot of sensational matter in it and ought to be a valuable though cumbersome library of reference on the coal and oil business.

It has been announced from the Patent Office that Commissioner Allen, in response to a united protest from the inventors of the country, has decided to give up his prospective summer vacation and will hear cases all through the hot season in hopes of catching up with the work in the Office. This is a great concession. The Commissioner announced some time ago that all the other courts took a recess during the summer and that he considered himself a court and he would do likewise. The work of his office is lamentably behind, so much so in fact that it takes two years in some cases to get a patent through the office. The matter was fought bitterly with the attorneys on one side and the Commissioner on the other but the Bureau of Circumlocution lost for once and the work will be pushed all through the hot months though with small chances of getting up to date on the mass of cases that have been piled up. The real remedy will be found in making the entire patent office force work ten hours per day instead of seven hours until they catch up with their work. O. A. Snow & Co., Patent Solicitors, say that this remedy has been applied in years past with fine effect. The extra hour imposition will make them do real work during the day and in three months the unnecessary and disgraceful backwardness in the Patent Office will cease to exist.

ATTEND THE

OLEAN RACES

JULY 3, 4, 5, 6, 1906

TUESDAY, JULY 3rd.

2:24 Pace	Purse	$400
2:30 Trot	"	"
2:09 Pace	"	"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th.

2:30 Pace	Purse	$400
2:15 Trot	"	"
2:18 Pace	"	"
2:22 Trot	"	"

THURSDAY, JULY 5th.

2:15 Pace	Purse	$400
2:25 Trot	"	"
2:12 Pace	"	"

FRIDAY, JULY 6th.

2:20 Pace.	Purse	$400
2:18 Trot	"	"
2:20 Trot	"	"

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

4TH OF JULY

BALL GAME

With Bradford at 10 a. m.

Dance at Riverhurst

IN THE EVENING.

One and a Third Fare for Round Trip on All Roads.

For other information address

H. S. SARTWELL, Pres. W. G. SISSON, Sec'y.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Big Store Trimmed All in Dainty White

THE GREAT JUNE WHITE SALE

WILL SWING ITS WAY INTO POPULAR FAVOR

COMMENCING SATURDAY, JUNE 16th

AND LASTING TEN DAYS

SPECIAL DISPLAY WHITE FABRICS, LINGERIES, Etc.

Isn't it odd that the month of June falls each year just as we get in our splendid exhibits of lingerie, white apparel and white goods—very considerate of the calendar.

This is your opportunity to revel in lawns, mulls, cambrics, nainsooks, domestics and everything white. Here's a feast of plenty in wearables and useables—all arrayed for your choosing and marked at most attractive prices.

We itemize the rest of the story for your ready perusal.

Snowy White Lingerie

Don't miss this department; look over these items; check up a big purchase for Summer is here.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

1 lot of Ladies' Drawers, regular 25 cent, June White Sale per pair 18c
25 doz. Ladies Corset Covers, drop shoulder, June White Sale 21c
1 lot of fancy trimmed Skirts, lace and tucked flounce, regular 75c grade, June White Sale each 59c
A few White Skirts, fine embroidered flounce, hemstitched ruffle, value $3, June White Sale each 1.39

FASCINATING WASH FABRICS.

1,100 yds. of Wash Goods, well worth from 12½, 15 to 18c per yd., June White Sale per yard 10c
850 yds. of Mercerized Waistings, worth 35c to 39c, June White Sale, per yard 25c
10 pieces of 32-inch Imported Persian Lawn, regular 35c quality, June White Sale per yd 29c

WAIST PATTERNS.

15 Waist Patterns, embroidered fronts and cuffs, worth 65c, Sale Price 43c
$1.25 Waist Pattern at 98c
$1.50 Waist Pattern at 1.19
$2.50 Hand Embroidered, June White Sale 1.98
$3.50 Hand Embroidered, June White Sale 2.89
and others.

ROBES.

$6.65 Robe, June white sale 5.25
$13.50 Robe, June white sale 9.89
$13.75 Robe, June white sale 9.98
and others.

LADIES TAILOR MADE SUITS.

$10 Suits at ..... 5.00 $15 Suits at 7.50
$20 Suits at ..... 11.50 $25 Suits at 12.50
All Ladies', Misses' and Childrens Coats, All at Reduced Prices.

READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT.

Summer Outing Suits, special $4.95, $6.95, $9.95, $14.50.

LADIES SUMMER WHITE WAISTS.

900 Waists; special 69c, 89c, 98c 1.39
500 Waists, lingerie, special, $1.98, $2.48, $2.98 up to 4.95
Special prices on Ladies' White Costumes, Children's Dresses and White Serge Suits.

OUR DOMESTIC COUNTER

is loaded down with values that the housewife cannot resist. Good buying time—never better.

1000 yards of 36-inch Bleached Muslin, regular 7½c 6c
1 bale of 36-inch Muslin, regular 6½c grade, June white sale, yd 5c
2000 yds Lonsdale Muslin, June white sale, per yd 7¾c
3 pieces of 9-4 Bleached Sheeting, regular 27½c grade 22c
1 case Bed Spreads, full size, regular $1.50, June white sale 1.29
25 doz 81x90 Sheets, full size, regular 75c each 65c
50 doz 45x36 Pillow Cases, June white sale, each 9c
and others.

Special June Sale of Oxfords.

Special 10 per cent off on all White Kid and Canvas Oxfords; June Sale on Tan Oxfords. Now's your time.
$2 Grade ..... $1.68 $2.50 Grade ..... 1.98 $3 Grade 2.38
and others.

Ladies and Infants Furnishings.

25 doz Ladies All Linen Handkerchiefs, June White Sale, 10c each, or 3 for 25c
1 lot of Ladies Wash Stocks, regular 25c, June white sale, each 19c
1 lot of Ladies Stocks, 50c grade, June white sale each 39c
and others.

Special prices on Carpets, Furniture, Lace Curtains, the last named cut at least one-half.

BELL BROS.

The leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

FOR

Ten
Women
Children.

SHOES THAT FIT AND WEAR FOR THE SAME PRICE AT

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

Free June style book ready for distribution. Summer edition of Ladies Home Journal Style Books now for sale at 25c.

SPECIAL LINE

New Dress Ginghams at 10c per yard.
Thin, sheer white goods, just the thing for Shirt Waists.
Ladies white shirt waists, $1.00 each.
Ladies white muslin skirts, $1.00 each.
Men's, women's and children's underwear.
Men's and boys' straw hats and caps.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

May 29, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.
Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.
Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Never Before Have We Shown Such Shirt Waist Values.

1 lot Tucked Lawn Waists, 34 to 44 in size, at	59c
1 lot Tucked Lace Trimmed Fine Lawn Waists at	69c
1 lot Waists Dotted Swiss, short sleeves, at	$1.75
1 lot Peter Pan Waists special for Saturday at	$1.25
1 lot $1.48 Suit Cases Your choice Saturday only at	98c

These cases are our regular $1.50 cases and none will be reserved at the price. BUY YOURS SATURDAY.

The Lindholm Co.

Pa. March 16 and Nov. 9, 1897. Jan. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897, and Jan. 25, 1900.

BUG DEATH

A most excellent food plant.

Sure death to potato, squash and cucumber bugs, currant, Gooseberry, tomato worms, etc.

Prevents Blight.

For rose bushes, house plants and all shrubs it has no equal.

Harmless to Animals

Safe to Handle

H. H. REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 21, 1900.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Hazelhurst proposes to celebrate the Ever Glorious.

—Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport at Kane Field next Tuesday.

—A special shirt waist sale is advertised by Mrs. Bisett this week.

—Attend the ball game Saturday at 3 p. m. Case Cutlery Team of Bradford versus Smethport.

—Several new ads appear in this issue but none are more interesting than the one of Fry & Comes.

—One week from next Monday you have legal permission to endeavor to ensnare the festive frog.

—H. O. Wells has killed his automobile "dog" and purchased a first-class carriage horse and outfit.

—The shirt waist values offered by The Lindholm Company this week will be of interest to the ladies.

—Miss Ethel Gifford is entertaining the Euchre Club this afternoon at her home on West King street.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, mother of Mrs. D. E. Mallory of Bradford, died in Buffalo Tuesday evening.

—Monheimer announces in his ad on this page that by special request, he extended the time limit of his great suit sale to Saturday, June 30th.

—Attend the Olean races. July 3, 4, 5 and 6. Great sport is promised. An ad giving list of events and other information will be found in this issue.

—The Pennsylvania railroad will run an excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls next Tuesday, June 26th. The ad appears in another column.

—Claude Denning is certainly making good on the Mt. Jewett ball team. His batting average is over 400 per cent. and his fielding average is 1,000 per cent.

—Last Sunday the Clermont second team defeated the Hazelhurst snappers by a score of 10 to 1 and the second team of Straights by a score of 10 to 8.

—The Firemen's Convention will not be held in Kane this year. The Kane people have found it impossible to raise sufficient money for the entertainment of the firemen and therefore have abandoned the project.

—Miss Carrie Servatius of Pleasant street underwent a surgical operation at the Bradford hospital yesterday and is expected to recover. She is a sister of the well known ball player of that name.—This morning's Era.

—The members of the W. C. T. U. are requested to attend the meeting in the M. E. chapel Saturday, the 23rd, at 2:30. Important business must be attended to.

—On Saturday at 3 o'clock the Case Cutlery team of the Bradford City League will cross bats with Smethport at Kane Field. A good game is looked for.

—There will be a special business meeting of the Young Ladies Missionary Society, Friday at 2:30 p. m. at the M. E. chapel. All members are requested to be present.

—The work of tearing down the Camp factory goes steadily on. A number of families have already departed and various others are packing preparatory to removal to Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (St. John Baptist day) the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Services and Sunday school at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—Sunday morning in the Methodist Episcopal church the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on the theme, "Face to Face with God," and Sunday evening the topic will be "An evening with the new Hymnal."

—The six prisoners sentenced at the recent term of court to various sojourns "down the river," departed yesterday morning at 11:50. They were in charge of Sheriff G. W. Mitchell, assisted by A. W. Mitchell and A. H. Kidder.

—Charles Clapp, whose revolting crime has caused much excitement in Potter county, saved all connected much embarrassment by pleading guilty in open court. He was sentenced to 14 years in the Western penitentiary.

—Bell Brothers, Olean's big department store, have a big ad in this issue calling attention to a June White Sale which they are conducting. Prices are quoted in many departments and it will pay all to read it and read it carefully.

—A party of young ladies consisting of Leona Reed, Nettie Groesbeck, Mary Foster, Clara Clark, Rena Allen, Mary Mahar and Theresa Rouska, drove over to Smethport Sunday afternoon and took supper at the Wright House. All report a very pleasant afternoon and evening.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Margaret, the 11-year-old daughter of Editor Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald, was lost in the woods on Wednesday of last week. She was found by R. J. Straight of Bradford and sent home in time for supper. But in the meantime Brother McClellan had taken up the hunt and spent half the night in anxious search before he returned home to find his little one safe in bed.

—Well what do you know about this: It has been discovered that one of King Edward's ancestors was a bricklayer.—Ex.—Well, that's all right, even if he was. Edward is a great Mason and if one of his ancestors was a Hod Fellow it was quite proper.—Bradford Era.

—The most exciting game of ball of the season is looked for next Tuesday when the fast team of Mt. Jewett will play on the local diamond with the home team. The only defeat so far this year for the home team was handed them by the Mt. Jewett team by the close score of 8 to 0. Don't fail to attend.

—Announcement was made last Sunday at St. Eulalia church of the marriage of Miss Anna Holland, daughter of Engineer Holland, and John Lawly. The marriage will take place the latter part of June.—Potter Journal. Miss Holland is well known in Smethport where she has visited on numerous occasions.

—Last Friday "Babe" Sasse won the game for Kane by his clever base-running—making all the runs for that team—two. He got a pass to first, went to second on a sacrifice and stole third and home for the first run, and in the ninth he scored the other run on an error, a sacrifice, a wild pitch and came home on a squeeze play.

—Ex-treasurers of McKean county are still paying back to the different towns in the county the amount of fees they retained, which has been found illegal. As yet we have not heard of any of the ex-treasurers of Potter doing anything in this line. Certainly there must be something coming from some of them. —Austin Autograph.

—Arthur, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cunningham, died at the home of his parents at 335 North Seventh street, Olean, on Friday, June 15 1900. The remains were brought to Smethport on Saturday and the funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cuningham on Main on Sunday, Rev. W. A. Harris officiating and the remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. T. W. Sweeney visited Eldred this week.

Leo McCabe of Erie is visiting friends in town this week.

Thorn Lyle passed Sunday with Hazelhurst friends.

David McCarty of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town Tuesday.

J. H. Green of Olean was greeting friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. W. V. Fowler of Hollis visited relatives in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weight of Marietta, Ohio, are visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town Tuesday.

A. L. Hughes is spending a two weeks' vacation with relatives in Tunkhannock, Pa.

Mrs. Edward Naber of Derrick City was a spectator at the ball game Saturday.

Miss Anna Herrick of Dunkirk, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Miss Genevieve Smith.

Miss Alma Johnson of Port Allegany has been visiting Miss Elvera Johnson for a few days.

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe and Mrs. E. E. Heath returned Monday from a week's visit in Buffalo.

Mrs. John Tretton left this morning for an extended visit with Wellsville relatives and friends.

F. J. Masser left Saturday for New York City where he will take a course in window trimming.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter, Alberta, of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town the first of the week.

Miss Maude L. Richardson has returned from a three weeks' visit in Wilcox, Kane and Mt. Jewett.

Miss Rose Riggall returned to her home in Bolivar last Saturday after a visit with relatives in town.

Mrs. Louis Hadley and children of Mt. Jewett were the guests of Mrs. T. S. Richardson last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Button and children were visiting friends in Olean and Portville the first of the week.

G. D. Boobring and stepson, William Walters, of Hazelhurst were pleasant callers at this office this morning.

Michael McKernan and Merrel Bisett attended the commencement exercises at St. Bonaventure college this week.

Mrs. L. S. Anderson of Wellsville, N. Y. has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. H. Colegrove, for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Lawrence B. Jamieson, who has been visiting Mrs. H. R. Henderson, returned to her home in Olean yesterday.

Sheridan Gorton, a prominent attorney of Smethport, was a guest at the Newton House Friday, says the Bolivar Breeze.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Neipling of Port Allegany were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daniels from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Frank Egan and son and Miss Katheryn Griffin of Butte City, Mont., are visiting relatives in Smethport and vicinity.

Miss Katherine Anderson joined her mother in town Monday and they returned to their home in Wellsville on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, son, John, and Miss Cynthia Calkins of Parkersburg, W. Va., are guests of relatives in town.

County Commissioner John P. Devlin is attending the commencement exercises of St. Bonaventure's College at Allegany, N. Y.

Mrs. Foster Studholme and children are visiting at the home of Mrs. Studholme's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder of King street.

Mrs. H. L. McCoy and daughter, Mrs. H. M. McQuiston, left Monday for Ithaca, N. Y., to attend the commencement exercises of Cornell college.

Mrs. Mary L. Biggs attended the alumni banquet given at St. Elizabeth's college, Allegany, on Wednesday, she being a graduate of that institution.

Mrs. S. A. Wainman and children, who have been visiting Mrs. Wainman's mother, Mrs. T. W. Sweeney, for the past three weeks, left yesterday for their home in Bainbridge, Ga.

Misses Stella Hinman and Carrie Day and Charles Masser represented the Epworth League of the M. E. church at the district convention in Coudersport last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. J. P. Egan, who has been visiting at the home of her son for the past several months, returned to her home in Binghamton, N. Y. yesterday. She was accompanied as far as Olean by Mrs. Michael Egan.

Misses Rena Allen, Mae Mahr, Clara Clark, Nettie Groesbeck, Leona Reed, Theresa Ruskie and Mary Foster drove to Smethport Sunday and were very nicely entertained at the Wright House. —Port Allegany Reporter.

Miss M. D. Nash is spending a few days with her cousin, Mrs. M. E. Richmond. Miss Nash has held the position of principal in the Bird High School in Des Moines, Iowa, for several years and will spend the summer in her old home in Madison county, New York.

$76.50 to California and Return

Via Nickle Plate Road. Tickets from Buffalo to Los Angeles or San Francisco and return on sale daily June 24th to July 8th, inclusive. First class and good returning until September 15th. Liberal stopover privileges. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

Homeseekers Rates via Nickle Plate Road.

Lowest round trip Homeseekers' rates to the west, northwest and southwest are offered by the Nickle Plate Road the first and third Tuesday of each month. Write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the Miner. We must strictly enforce this rule, so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Have your lawn mower sharpened on our machine. Make it better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

Mid-Summer Bargains.

We find a good many odd lots of the summer stocks have accumulated on our shelves and tables. It's a quick riddance sale we announce to-day.

Come early—the lots are small but the price reductions will amply repay the early buyers.

Boys' Wash Suits 50 and 75c grades

All styles and colors, sizes 3 to 14, at 38c

Wash Goods

One lot Printed Batistes, were 9c, at 6½c
One lot Assorted 15c grades, at 11c
One lot Assorted 25c grades, at 18c

Embroideries

The whole stock without reserve at ⅓ off regular prices. A lot of remnants at about half price.

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Are You Going To Paint?

This will interest you. While it lasts we will sell you a first class mixed paint for ONE DOLLAR per gallon.

This stock must be closed out. Come early while the assortment is good.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Special Sale of Shirt Waists

FRIDAY & SATURDAY June 22 and 23

Your choice of $1.50 and $1.75 Waists at	98c
$2.00 and $2.50 Waists at	1.25

NEW GOODS Each Fresh and white.

MARY L. BISETT,
City Store.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

We will comply to the many requests we have had and extend the time limit of our

GREAT SUIT SALE

to Saturday, June the 30th, when, as the "boys say" we will have money enough to buy 2 Suits AT THE PRICE OF ONE. This is nearly time for we have added all of our nobby and hand-tailored $15, and $18 Suits to the $10, $12.50 and $13.50 kind, all of which except black we put on this sale at $6.50, $8.50, $9.50 and $11.50. See what we have to offer then—use your own judgment.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Wedding and Graduation Presents at Prill's.

If you are looking for a graduation present come here and we will help you.

We have a complete line of silver case goods sterling ware, cut glass, bric-a-brac, etc.

This will be a Comb and Bracelet season.

We are prepared for this and offer you a line of both, in solid gold and gold filled, at prices that are right.

Watches
Diamonds
Diamond Jewelry
Chains
Festoons
Hat Pins, &c.

Watches demagnetized and repairing at

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

MAX SCHOOLAR.

After I moved into the Reilly Block I found that I could not get all my stock into the store. Now in order to reduce the stock, I will sell all my clothing, gents' furnishing goods and shoes at 25 per cent. discount on the regular price. Please call and look over my stock.

MAX SCHOOLAR, Smethport, Pa.

Reilly Block, opposite Commercial.

A Debt Forgotten

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1905, by Charles W. Hooke

"IN payment of a debt which you may not remember."

These words were typewritten on a plain sheet of paper. There was neither address nor signature, neither date nor place. The envelope bore my name in full, and I had found it with my morning's mail on the leaf of my desk.

At the first view I had supposed that this was some advertising circular, bulky and dull and destined to the wastebasket. My surprise, therefore, was complete when the contents greet-

SHE GREETED ME WITH SINCERE GOOD WILL.

ed my eye with the agreeable green of the national currency. Many bank bills, tightly folded, were wrapped in the single sheet of paper which I have mentioned. The total sum was $900.

I will not attempt to describe the perplexity into which I was thrown by this mysterious communication.

After eudgeling my brains for some hours I reached the very annoying conclusion that this money must have been sent to me by a Mrs. Colvin, whom I had come to know when I lived at my grandfather's house in Montclair.

After the sudden death of her husband I assisted her in settling the estate and in so doing spent some of my own money, which fact I studiously concealed. I was a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Colvin's daughter at that time and had a faint hope, which was speedily quenched, though not my love, alas.

I would rather that almost anything else had happened than that Mrs. Colvin should have discovered her debt to me. To have put her under this obligation was an offense against good taste, and she was one who would see the matter in its proper light. Perhaps for this reason she had paid the money secretly, desiring to avoid the dishonesty of pretending to forgive me.

Unfortunately she had considerably overpaid me, yet the money must have come from her, for there was no other explanation. It remained then, for me to go to Mrs. Colvin, whom I had not seen in more than a year, and render her a true account, returning the balance now due her.

With this purpose I went to Montclair in the afternoon of the following day. It was mid-June, and the beautiful town was at its best, with all the rose gardens blooming and the scented air thrilling with gayety, as if there were some public merry-making. It is needless to say that my own mood was not festal. I dreaded the coming interview, and my heart ached at the thought of seeing Amy Colvin again. I walked slowly and went out of my way to pass my grandfather's house, untenanted since his death, and there I paused some minutes, looking up at the shuttered windows and recalling the tragedy which had cut him off in what he used cheerily to call "the prime of old age." We found him dead upon the floor of his chamber one morning, and his hands were clinched tightly upon the collar and sleeve of a rough coat of dark cloth. This garment was a burglar's. My grandfather had discovered the man in his room, had sprung from his bed to grapple with the thief and had died of his own too violent exertions, for his heart had been weakened by a recent serious illness. We discovered that the burglar had entered by a window of my room and, after relieving me of a considerable sum of money, had passed to my grandfather's apartment, where the silent, swift and fatal struggle had occurred and whence the intruder, stripped of his coat, had escaped into the night.

Mrs. Colvin's house, when I came to it, looked cheery and homelike in comparison with the great empty mansion that I had just left. A servant answered my summons and greeted me with surprise and voluble joy. She had been for many years in my grandfather's employ and had a strong sentiment of loyalty to the family.

"There's nobody at home," said she after paying her respects to me. "But Mrs. Colvin will be back soon. Miss Amy and Mr. Durland have gone to the ball game."

Mr. Durland was a young man who, upon my recommendation, had been taken as a boarder by Mrs. Colvin shortly after her husband's death, for it seemed advisable for her to increase her income in this way. He was a writer and had made some successes of late, as I happened to know, but it had been nearly two years since I had seen him.

"Mr. Durland is still here?" said I.

"Indeed he is, for good and all," the woman answered. "Didn't you know that Miss Amy was engaged to him?"

I shook my head.

"Yes," said she. "They're to be married next month. He's getting along fine now. He's writing plays."

"Plays?" I repeated, scarce knowing that I spoke.

She came to my side and pointed through an open window.

"He writes 'em in there," said she. "There's his table and his typewriter."

"Do you suppose," said I, "that Mr. Durland would object to my using his typewriter for about two minutes, while I'm waiting? I would like to write a little note."

She made haste to show me into the author's study, and presently I had written upon a sheet of heavy typewriter paper the words, "In payment of the debt which you may not remember."

The result was even more conclusive than I had hoped. The irregularities that had appeared in the original were faithfully reproduced in my copy. Beyond a doubt the line accompanying the money which had been sent to me had been written with this instrument.

I returned to the veranda, and presently Mrs. Colvin came. She greeted me with sincere good will and without a trace of embarrassment.

"Mrs. Colvin," said I, "there is a small matter of business between us. I have recently been led to review the old accounts, and I find that there has been an error. I owe you something like a hundred dollars."

She regarded me shrewdly, with an interest which I would venture to call affectionate.

"How did you learn that I was pressed for money?" she asked, and then, after a pause: "But you needn't tell me. It is very kind of you to offer me this help, but I do not need it. I had to make an unexpected payment"—

"And by a singular coincidence," I interrupted, "I received an unexpected payment. The sum was $900."

"And you don't know who sent it?" she said. "How odd! This seems like some romantic restitution. Have you ever been robbed? Why, yes, surely—when you lived here. How much was it that was taken?"

"Eight hundred and fifty dollars," I replied.

"And this sum?"

"Was $900."

There was a moment's silence. Then she said, hesitating, "Could—could there be—interest, perhaps?"

Mental arithmetic has been my forte since childhood, but this was the quickest calculation that ever I made. Eight hundred and fifty dollars, with 6 per cent interest for twenty-eight months, 1.14×850=969. I saw it in a flash, and it fairly stunned me.

Remember that my experiment with the typewriter had completely satisfied me. Perhaps my decision had been hasty, but it was unmixed with any element of doubt. I was sure that the line accompanying the mysterious payment had been written on Durland's machine. I was equally sure that Mrs. Colvin had not sent the money and that it had nothing to do with her debt to me. Aside from that debt there was no explanation of the payment except that which a freak of destiny had led her to suggest, and the exact agreement of the figures set the seal of certainty upon this conclusion. Sydney Durland, accepted suitor of the woman I loved, had striven to ease his conscience on the eve of marriage by making this restitution, and in so doing he had put his liberty and perhaps his life into my hands.

"Well," said Mrs. Colvin, smiling, "what do you think of my explanation?"

I made a jest of it and turned her mind away.

Mrs. Colvin insisted that I should stay to dinner, and as it had now become necessary that I should see Durland I accepted the invitation. So we passed to indifferent topics of conversation and finally to Amy's approaching marriage, and I heard much praise of Durland.

"He has changed so much!" said she. "I confess that when he first came here and I began to know him I was almost afraid of him, he had such despondent and desperate views of life. But he is a different man now."

Some matter of the household demanded Mrs. Colvin's attention, and I was left alone with harrowing thoughts. I am a narrow man in my judgment of character and have small faith in reformation. I saw Amy Colvin about to marry a thief and housebreaker, a man of weak principle and criminal tendencies.

I was aroused from this black revery by the sound of Amy's voice, and looking through the vine covered trellis I saw her at the gate with Durland. He entered alone, and she went on doubtless upon some errand to a neighbor's house. I saw how this momentary parting turned at their hearts. I read the love in her eyes, and my whole being became one agony of disgrace and loss.

Durland came up the walk; his head turned over his shoulder, his eyes following her, as a heedless child runs upon danger in the delight of play. She tripped upon the steps and the next instant looked up into my face. Not only did the blood ebb away from his cheeks, but the bronze of the sun seemed to be washed out of them. He put up his hand to his heart, and his lips fell open.

I was amazed at this revelation, forgetting that for him my presence could have only one explanation. He knew nothing of any reason why I should connect that secret payment with the Colvins. Doubtless he was aware that I was his beaten rival, and, as I had long ago ceased to visit that house, he had taken it for granted that I should never come again. This and the expression of my countenance were enough for him. He assumed instantly that I had traced his money back to him and had discovered his offense.

"Durland," said I, "the truth! I demand it."

He ascended the steps unsteadily and staggered into the house, beckoning me to follow him, but when we had reached his room I saw that he had regained command of himself. Facing me and speaking in a firm tone he said:

"This is my story: I never had any money. When I was in college I got into debt, and—and I stayed in debt. I never owed as much as a thousand dollars nor ever saw a day when I was not driven by some obligation and harassed so that I couldn't put my mind upon my work. Worry killed my earnings. Do you understand that? I suppose not.

"In February, two years and four months ago, shortly after I came here to live, my affairs were at their worst. I was menaced by all sorts of petty dishonor and disgrace. I could not work or sleep or think. My mind seemed to burst like a soap bubble whenever I tried to hold it upon any problem of my daily life, even the most simple.

"Now, if a man can't think, he can't go on living. He'd better use his last rational moment to get out of the game. That's the way it looked to me. I sat in

IT WAS AMY.

this room one night, in the dark, and I had not mental concentration enough to take off my clothes and go to bed. I took a revolver out of my trunk and loaded it and then didn't know what to do with it. My machinery had run down.

"I opened that window and sat there in a freezing draft an hour or more, I guess. By and by I saw a man coming along the street in his shirt sleeves, and it gave me a notion that I was cold, but I hadn't sense enough to move away from the window. So I sat there and was vaguely surprised to see the man enter the yard and come up on the veranda. Presently he got in through the window, not seeing me for I had drawn back behind the curtain.

"He walked to the middle of the room, and there was a suit of my clothes lying over a chair. He was about to put on the coat when I saw him stoop and feel of a knee of his trousers, which was all torn open. Then I saw him take his waistcoat and trousers off and lay his hands again upon my clothes.

"At that moment I stepped forward from behind the curtain and out of the dark shadow, and I pointed my revolver at the man. 'Hands up!' said I, merely mechanically. It was just a memory of old stories. I didn't really care whether he put up his hands or not.

"He gave a cry like an explosive moan; if you can fancy one, and made a dive for the window. I didn't try to stop him. I stood stock still, wondering. It may have been four or five minutes that I stood there before the humor of the situation dawned upon me. A burglar had entered my room and had got away with nothing, not even his own trousers. I laughed, and it did me good.

"Presently I lighted the gas and examined my plunder. In the waistcoat were a gun metal watch and half a dollar. In the trousers were some small tools of the burglar's trade, two handkerchiefs, a little vial of chloroform and $50 in bills.

"So far as I remember, I sat and stared at that money all the rest of the night until there came the usual knock upon my door at 7 o'clock to wake me up. I arose and locked the burglar's clothes in my trunk, but the money I put into my pocket. I had a cup of coffee, took the 8 o'clock train for the city, spent about $200 in squaring up my debts and came back here in the afternoon. Then I heard of the affair at your house and realized the position in which I stood.

"It seemed to me, in my muddled state of mind, that the real burglar must be caught and that I could then come forward safely and tell my story. The days went by, the man was never found. He must have stolen some clothes from another house and escaped safely from this town. By the time that this dawned upon me I had lost my opportunity, or so it seemed to me. At any rate, I dared not—I dared not tell my story.

"There, Marshall; there's the truth. That money was the making of me; absolutely my salvation and the foundation of my career. But I stole it—stole it from a thief. And now"—

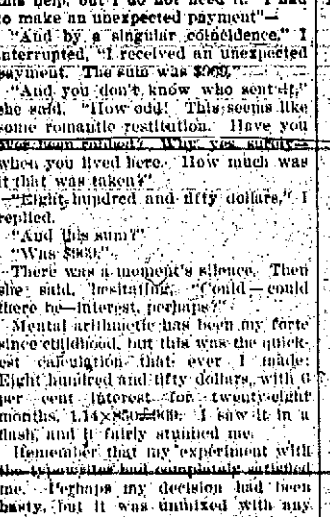
A tap at the door. We exchanged a glance; then Durland called, "Come in."

It was Amy, and she gave a little cry of surprise at the sight of me.

"I have interrupted you," said she after a friendly greeting, for no doubt we showed the traces of a strained interview.

"Not in the least," said I. "We have discussed a bit of business and have come to a most satisfactory understanding. So there's an end of care, and with an easy mind I turn toward the brighter side of life. Congratulations and best wishes."

And for a moment we three stood with clasped hands.



HE PUT HIS HAND TO HIS HEART.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SUBTERRANEAN RIVERS.

Yucatan's Many Streams Flow Beneath Coral Rock.

There are no streams in Yucatan which flow above the ground, but the whole peninsula is one vast table of coral rock and beneath it are immense rivers of fresh water, with peculiar though ill defined tides and currents. Along the coasts these subterranean waters are quite near the surface, but in the interior, where the calcareous layer is of great thickness, the waters are low down. At intervals they break into caverns formed by earthquakes by pressure of their own force or by the infiltration of surface water into the natural grottoes of the coral rock and wherever the water can be reached, whether through artificial pits or by the operations of nature, the place is called a cenoté. There are a great many of them scattered all over Yucatan, and those near Merida are utilized as public bathhouses, affording most refreshing resorts.

Centuries ago the Indians marked the courses of the subterranean rivers by heaps of stones and always built their cities close by the water caves, as their ruins show, and it is interesting to note to this day all the civilized centers of Yucatan have arisen around these natural reservoirs. There are many forms of cenotes. When the water flows at a slight depth and the calcareous layer has been only partially eaten away there follows an irregular sinking, which forms a cave, opening from side to side, but when the crust is thicker and the underground stream has a regular course the soil is generally corroded in a circular space and the vault thus formed, lacking support, falls in, making an immense open well. Often the crust is so deep that the soft parts only crumble down, leaving a small aperture toward the top, fashioning a real grotto, with stalactites and stalagmites galore. Again, it happens that the crust is exceedingly thick, when a colossal subterranean passage, like a tunnel, is formed. In short, all the variations which an undisturbed stream may produce in a friable soil by the silent work of ages may be here witnessed. The cenote of which I write is a natural cavern nearly fifty feet deep, broken down at one side, thus forming a gigantic arch. Within it appears every form of stalagmite and stalactite, and the roof is perforated with holes in which are thousands of birds' and hornets' nests. At the bottom of it, reached by a flight of stone steps from the charming garden above, is an extensive sheet of clear, fresh water, containing a multitude of tiny fish. Pescado ciego, similar to those found in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky; only these are not eyeless. The overhanging roots of trees fringe its broken arch, affording shelter to innumerable lizards and iguanas, which dart along the ledges like embodied sunbeams, while above them countless swallows circle in masses so dense that the whirring of their wings produces a deafening noise, echoed from below in hollow reverberations.

The Italian Baby.

No infant receives a warmer welcome to the world or is more happily born than the Italian baby. No infant is the object of more caresses or is more fondly admired. Indeed no matter how poor the mother and father may be, no matter how large the family, they have very merry times when another son or daughter comes to them. The neighbors are invited in, a feast is prepared, a gallon or two of cheap wine is procured, and the merriment sometimes lasts several days. The Italian considers there are only three great events in the life of man—namely, his birth, marriage and death. These three events never pass without a gorgeous and elaborate celebration. In this simple way they strive to carry out the tender life lesson: "When you were born you wept while those around you smiled. So live that when you die you alone may smile and those around you weep." And so they laugh and drink wine and sing, for they believe it will have an effect upon the life of the unborn, soon to take its place among them.—London Standard.

Machinery of Memory.

The machinery of memory was thus interestingly described by an authority on the brain: "The act of remembering something," he said, "involves a distinct change in the brain substance. The thing to be remembered is recorded by a little nerve cell. The first time the cell does its work an impression is made upon it. But that impression is apt to wear off unless the action of the cell is repeated, and the oftener this is the case the more fixed becomes the impression, or 'cell memory,' as it is called. Suppose that the work of this particular cell is to enable you to recognize a certain smell. If the impression is made but once, the cell may fail to retain it, but if it is repeated several times a lasting impression will be made, and you will recognize the particular odor when you meet with it again."

Southern Wit.

In the early days of the civil war, says Mrs. D. G. Wright in "A Southern Girl in '61," many northern senators were especially violent in their denunciations of the seceding states, occasionally much to the amusement of their listeners.

On one occasion a western senator ended a speech by declaring that were certain threatened events to occur he would "leave this country and join some other nation. Even the Comanches he would prefer to this government in such a case."

Senator Wigfall of Texas rose in answer and stated in a tone of grave remonstrance that he trusted the senator would consider well before he took such a step, "for the Comanches had already suffered too much from contact with the whites."

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

The Charm of Hand Work.

In the middle ages, as the remains show, nothing was unfinished made, for the machine that turned out things by the gross had not yet been invented and hence the individuality of the craftsman was able to assert itself. An artistic instinct made the men of those days seek for ocular pleasure in their surroundings. Life was of necessity more restricted, more concentrated. Even the best books sought in the home or in immediate surroundings; homer, perhaps. The reason why they did not neglect these matters as we do, who buy such objects really made and turned out by the hundred. The beauty of things made by men who delighted in making them, things made to endure and by their endurance to teach future generations how to improve upon the best of the past—it is these that our collectors do well to gather around them.—Connoisseur.

In the Hall of Fame.

"His name is in the hall of fame."

"Why, I didn't know the old gentleman was dead."

"He isn't to be dead to be in there?"

"Sure."

"Well, he is only in there dusting the busts."

The Limit.

The height of superfluity was voiced the other day by a commuter who said that he regarded a certain man, then under discussion, as the fourth ball to a pawnbroker's uncle.—Puck.

The Case With Him.

Mrs. Henpeck—They can't punish bigamy too severely. No one should have any sympathy for the man who takes one wife too many. Mr. Henpeck—The idea, Maria! Do you think I should be sent to jail?—Philadelphia Press.

When I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were rich.—Pope.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

Judge—Joseph W. Johnson, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron P. Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—E. J. W. Campell, Eldred; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Gus B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bull, Smethport.
Register—H. M. Clingle, Smethport.
Recorder—H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Jon. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Geo. P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Lowe, Bradford and Elon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engeroth, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. J. Orbitt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagherty, Jas. McKeon, A. A. Alsley, J. F. Rooney, James Herrman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, H. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young (president), J. N. Apple, treas., Sheridan Gorton, secy., W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chute, A. B. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivie.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:30 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting in each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. SCHONO, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday, afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE B. PIERCE, Com.
LILLIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. N. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. A. O. CULBERTSON, Pres.
OLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MISS ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree and Monday's Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
R. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 4:45 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. John's Catholic church.—Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8:00. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:33, 4:03 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larabee 9:18 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:33 p m week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE
Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P
3:36 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P
Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
2:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
5:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.
C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 m. and 5:15 p. m.

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive			
Bradford	9:30		6:45
Mt. Jewett	10:05	1:55	6:15
Kane	8:35	2:30	7:00
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:50		1:05
Kane	7:00	10:15	1:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:08	2:06
Arriving at Smethport at	8:10 a. m.		2:40 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. M. CAMPBELL, Gen. Supt. R. S. HALLOCK, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.
Effective Nov. 20, 1905.
MAIN LINE.

A M	A M	A M	P M
8:25	8:15	Burnell'sville	4:50
8:30	8:20	Arkport	4:45
		Byrnes	
8:47	8:36	Burnell'sville Jc	4:27
		Coles Creek	
8:50	8:40	Garwood	4:22
8:55	8:50	Swain	4:16
9:08	9:17	Birdsall	4:03
9:20	9:30	Angelica	3:50
9:25	9:35	Friendship	3:45
9:54	10:05	Houghton	3:16
10:00	10:30	Olean	3:00
		Eldred	
		Larabee	
		Smethport	
		Mt. Jewett	
12:50	1:30	Mt. Marys	11:50
	10:07	Shawmut	11:30
	10:42	Brockwayville	11:30
P M	P M		A M

A M	A M		P M
10:30	11:00	Wayland	11:05
10:36	11:06	Perkinsville	10:29
10:43	11:13	Rogersville	10:22
10:47	11:17	Stony Brook Glen	10:18
11:00	11:30	Hornellsville Jc	10:05
P M	P M		A M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M		A M
12:30	7:00	Wayland	10:05
12:36	7:06	Perkinsville	10:00
12:43	7:13	Rogersville	9:53
12:47	7:17	Stony Brook Glen	9:49
1:00	7:30	Hornellsville Jc	9:35
P M	A M		A M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
Leave Arrive—Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. JOS. T. ODELL, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

OLEAN, BRADFORD & OLEAN RAILROAD.
Time Table in effect Nov. 26, 1905.

P M	A M		A M	P M
4:30	8:00	Olean	10:30	6:00
4:40	8:10	Bolivar	10:20	5:50
4:50	8:20	Limestone	10:10	5:40
5:00	8:30	Custer City	10:00	5:30
5:10	8:40	Derrick City	9:50	5:20
5:20	8:50	Lewis Run	9:40	5:10
5:30	9:00	Hutchins	9:30	5:00
5:40	9:10	Rixford	9:20	4:50
5:50	9:20	Foster Brook	9:10	4:40
6:00	9:30	Bradford	9:00	4:30

Connections at Olean with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. R. R. at Bolivar with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R. at Custer City with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry.

A. W. EVANS, Gen. Supt. R. S. HALLOCK, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

C. OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.	STATIONS.	Lv. Westward.			
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.47	2.32
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	8	2.14
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.17
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.43
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46
7.05	6.36	1.47	Gold	7.44	2.49
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09
6.25	6.10	1.13	Prinks	8.12	3.17
6.15	6	1.05	N. Coudersport	8	3.26
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport		P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.00	Olmsted	8.33	6.05
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10
3.45	0	11.50	Knowlton	0	6.17
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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That Ten Acre Lot

By Donald Allen

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Jed Wheeler, aged forty and a bachelor, was as well liked as any person in the village of Flint. He was neighborly, kind hearted and always willing to do for others.

Jed's good qualities were in a way his enemies. He was lazy, and, added to his laziness, he had a mania for trading. He would trade horses, dogs, guns, watches, overcoats or anything else, and it so happened that the other fellow always got the best of the bargain.

He had been left quite a little fortune by his grandmother, but in the course of five years he had sold at a loss or traded with sharpers until all that was left to him was a ten acre lot lying just outside the village limits. It was as fine a meadow as could be found in the county, and Jed was hanging on to that until some lightning rod man should come along and trade him a farm in top the Rocky mountains when he fell in love.

Jim Thomas, the carpenter, had died three years before and left a level headed, economical widow behind him. She was an old schoolmate of Jed's, and he had seen her almost every day for twenty-five years, and until the spirit of love bubbled up he had simply regarded her as he looked upon all other women.

He was sitting on the grocery steps one day whittling when his knife slipped and cut his finger. The Widow Thomas was just entering the store for half a dozen eggs when the accident occurred, and she pulled out her handkerchief and bound up the bleeding finger. It was only a trifle, but somehow it touched the heart of the old bachelor, and three days later he called on the widow.

"Martha," he began, "I've got tired of sloshing around alone and am going to get married."

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed.

"That is, if the woman I want will have me."

"Who is it?"

"You."

"Now, Jed, don't come around here with any of your nonsense," she said. "You are a good hearted man, but you are lazy. You think you've got brains, but everybody knows you. It would drive me crazy to have such a husband."

Jed could and would reform. If I had any one to peck at me I'd go to work.

"I haven't time to be poking up a husband, for hard to catch old dogs how tricks. Thank ye for the honor, Jed, but I guess we won't do any marrying."

Jed was crushed for three days, during which time a windmill man came along and offered to trade him 5,000 acres of desert land in Arizona for his meadow, and explained that he could raise 10,000 rattlesnakes to the acre on the sandy soil and sell the oil for $1 a gallon to grease the feet of mules with.

If Jed had been in his normal condition he would have closed with the offer at once, but as he was in the throes of hopeless love he astonished the town by tuning the windmill man down. Two days later he went back to the widow and said:

"Martha, I had a dream about you last night. I dreamed that I met you in front of the blacksmith shop and that we shook hands and he said he hoped I'd marry you."

"Oh, you've come about that, have you?" she asked.

"I have. I'm a miserable man."

"Have you tried oil of cloves?"

"Catnip tea? Great heavens! What ails me is love, and if the Mississippi River was composed of catnip tea it couldn't cure me. Martha, if you won't promise to love me I can't live a week longer."

"Nonsense. I'm busy with my ironing, and you run along."

Jed was now so broken up that everybody began to notice and comment on it, but when questioned he simply shook his head and intimated that he was not long for this sad world. He got up early enough, however, to contract to get out a thousand ties for a suburban electric line, and, hoping this might work in his favor, he paid another visit to the widow and told her of it.

"Now that you see I am going to work, can't you say yes?" he asked in conclusion.

"Jed, what do you come bothering for?" she asked.

"Because I love you."

"Don't be silly. I'm making mince pies today and haven't time to argue."

Jed went away, determined to throw himself into the mill pond, but when he reached the bank he met a stranger who had been poking around the village for a couple of days without telling any one his business. He introduced himself and said that he thought some of establishing an orphan asylum if he could find a site to suit. In this way he brought the talk around to Jed's meadow. The value of the land to him was $100 an acre, though he had never had a cash offer for it.

The stranger didn't exhibit too great interest in the matter. He said he'd think the matter over and perhaps make an offer. He had no mountains in Idaho and no lakes in Europe to trade, but would be prepared to pay cash. A day later, while still sauntering around, he met Jed and said that he could have $1,000 for the land as soon as the deed was made out. The lovelorn bachelor had started for the office of the village lawyer to have the deed made out when he met the Widow Thomas. She noticed his excitement and asked the cause, and when he had told her she said:

"Look here, Jed, don't you take too much stock in the orphan business."

"How do you mean?"

"You're an orphan yourself, and you don't want to let any other orphan get the better of you. Can you get a horse and buggy anywhere for an hour?"

"Of course."

"Then let's drive out to your land and see what kind of a place it would make for the poor orphans."

On the way out Jed recurred to the old subject, saying that he was on his way to drown himself when he met the stranger.

"Come, now," interrupted the widow, "this is straight business and you know it."

When the meadow which lay along the highway was reached the widow insisted on walking across it from north to south. The ground looked as level as a floor, but near the center was a sort of sink hole. In rainy weather considerable water stood there, but the earth was now dry.

"Um!" said the widow as she halted and sniffed.

"Do you mean that smell?"

"Yes. Ever notice it before?"

"Once or twice. Smells as if somebody had been breaking rotten eggs around here."

"Get a pole and thrust it into the ground as far as you can."

"Here's one right here, and somebody's been poking. What do you make of it, Martha?"

"Jed, you've asked me to marry you," she said in reply.

"I have, but you don't seem to care whether you drive me to a suicide's grave or not."

"I don't know but I'd be willing to take chances."

"As how?"

"If you'll deed me the land today I'll promise to marry you within a month. I shan't answer any questions. It's yes or no right off."

"Then it's yes, by thunder!" exclaimed Jed as he reached the roadside fence.

The deed was made out before sundown and sent away to the county seat to be recorded. Next day the man who was looking for an asylum site called upon the Widow Thomas. He had scarcely mentioned the poor orphans when she laughed and said:

"Don't let your philanthropy cause you to lose a good thing. The ground up there is full of natural gas, and you know it. It's only twenty miles to pipe it to Chicago. Jed's under the meadow, their it's under hundreds of acres around here. Go ahead and make any test you will and then come back with your offer."

A week later he was willing to hand over $1,000 in cash, and when Jed Wheeler had seen the money counted out and the deed passed he exclaimed:

"By thunder, Martha, but that was the only piece of land I had, and when a piano feller comes along and wants to trade me a goose farm for the raising of speckled geese, what am I going to say to him?"

"Refer him to your wife," she answered as she kissed him for the first time.

A Fraternity in Rigs.

Here is a story of Scotch saltiness told by the Dundee Advertiser. The ship's crew had been made up in a hurry, and when they had passed the bar and were beginning to feel a trifle hungry it was discovered that they had no cook. So the old man asked Geordie to try his hand at the job, and Geordie scratched his head and rubbed his chin and said he would do his best. Next morning he consulted Jack about breakfast. "Oh," said Jack, "we will do. What is it we think?" said Geordie. "Ham and eggs," replied Jack. "That's no' richt," rejoined Geordie sorrily. "I'm cooking rice, and I don't know the mixtit it will burst the pot."

Origin of Feather in His Cap.

A feather in his cap, signifying honor and distinction, arose from a custom which was common among the Cretans and perpetuated to this day. Upon the occasion of a gladiatorial combat it was the custom for the victor to receive a feather from the head of his mount cruelly and without reason. Burgess was not a member of Troop A. Maybe this slight "cavalry pen" had been due to envy.

Even the possibility that Burgess envied him was balm to Gormley's sore heart. And if he could only plan it so as to sit by Sylvia on the homeward journey now his cup of joy would be full. It was a mighty bound from the depths of despair almost to the pinnacle of bliss in one short half hour, but Gormley was young, and youth has hope for a heritage.

Insensibly the young man was attracted by the beauty of the night. The burnished moon glistened on millions of tiny floating frost crystals until they sparkled like diamond dust. To the westward the black roadway unrolled before them like a velvet ribbon. Beaver creek crossed beneath it a hundred yards away. From the lowland bordering the creek the road had been graded to a height of fifty feet, and the embankment was narrow, steep and dangerous. A railing on each side hedged in the roadway.

Tonight nothing was visible below that railing. A mist, white and soft as cotton wool, rose from the swampy low ground and rolled in noiseless billows to the height of the road. The advance of the chattering wagon and its occupants into this heaving white silence seemed almost uncanny. It was as a sea which might rise and engulf them.

The others were similarly impressed, it would seem, for the talk was somewhat guarded. The team after three miles of brisk movement was getting warmed up and danced spiritedly. The driver took a fresh grip of the reins, for careful work was needed, especially at night, in crossing Beaver creek flats. He pulled strongly to bring the horses to a walk, then lunged backward suddenly. The right rein had broken near his hand.

What followed for the first paralyzed moment was like a scene from a horrid dream to Gormley. There was a confusion of shouts and shrieks from the wagon box behind. The horses were crowded to the left of the road by the pull of the one sound rein, to which the driver still clung stupidly. They plunged into the railing; it cracked, then gave way beneath their weight. The nigh horse was partially off the road, scrambling desperately with its hind foot on the treacherous side of the embankment. And still the relentless rein, dragging at the frenzied animals' bits, impelled them over the edge of the road.

In a flash Gormley saw the only course that would save them, the girl he loved and the others. There was no time to get down and reach the bits. He might save himself by jumping, but Sylvia, wedged in the box, would be rolling over and over to piteous disfigurement or death. "Drop it!" he shouted fiercely at the driver, and the latter instinctively loosened his grasp on the lines.

Gormley scrambled over the footboard and on to the tongue of the wagon. He threw himself astride the off horse. A well directed lunge with his right hand secured the broken rein, and the same movement wrenched the animal's head sharply to the right. Leaning far out, he seized the other struggling animal by the bits with his left hand and pulled with all his strength. The hoofs of the frantic horse struck fire from the embankment edge. For an instant the whole outfit trembled toward destruction, but the pull to the right never slackened, the nigh leg secured a foothold at last and—it was over.

"How did you ever think so quickly?" asked Sylvia Parker when the excitement had died down a little and the team was under control.

"I wasn't thought at all; just instinct," replied Gormley. "You see, the trick of riding one horse bareback and guiding another is part of the cavalry monkey drill. I learned it years ago, when I was a boy."

Burgess scowls Clement, in bitter hatred since that night, for it was Clement who insisted on changing seats with Gormley, and that brought Gormley into a place beside Miss Derrish. The engagement was announced next day, as a result of the ride home after the dance.

The betrothal kiss, given when the moon was setting, was treasured by Gormley for Burgess was never a yard away.

The shop upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertine or limestone, stones collected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic of cementing paste is gradually spread as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive bed in which the mosaic pictures are set. This mastic is composed of lime from burnt marble and finely powdered stone mixed in the consistency of a paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are laid the small cubes of which the mosaic pictures are formed. They are a mixed species of opaque vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, colored for the most part with different metallic oxides. Of these no fewer than 1,700 different shades are in use. They are manufactured in flowing in a form of long, slender rods, like those of various degrees of thickness, and cut into pieces of the requisite size, from the smallest pin point to an inch. When the picture is completely inlaid and the cement thoroughly dried it is highly polished.—Chambers' Journal.

Had No Terrors.

A young minister settled over a country society was in the habit of publishing the wedding banns of parishioners who intended to be married. A clause to call for proof to the secretary of the parish. When the bill was presented to the secretary it was found to be as follows: "To the sum of $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Jones and Miss Smith, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Brown and Miss Robinson, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Thompson and Miss Wilson, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Johnson and Miss Williams, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Jackson and Miss Harrison, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Smith and Miss Jones, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Robinson and Miss Brown, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Wilson and Miss Thompson, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Williams and Miss Johnson, $1 for publishing the banns of Mr. Harrison and Miss Jackson,

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

Undergoes Wonderful Changes During Its Growth.

The wonderful changes which the human brain undergoes from the moment when it first appears in the embryo until it becomes the perfected laboratory of thought characteristic to the matured human being has been commented upon by several of the leading writers on biology, physiology, etc. During these successive changes, or, rather, transformations from the lower to the higher sphere, the human brain not only takes upon itself the general shape and form of the brains of various representatives of the lower classes of animals, but appears to have the same structural constituents, at least to a certain degree. Thus it has been found that the original germ of the brain as it appears in the human embryo has the exact outlines of a serpent's thought factory. After that the changes which take place while the brain is assuming the various shapes which it must undergo before it becomes perfect give it a decided resemblance to the brains of fishes, birds and mammiferous animals.

"Hein's "Thoughts on the Structure of the Human Brain" and Wilson's "Anatomy of the Human Body" both mention these queer transformations, as does also Hugh Miller in his famous work, "Testimony of the Rocks." Miller puts it in this way: "It has long been known that the human brain is built up by a wonderful process, during which it assumes in succession the form of the brain of a serpent, a fish, a bird, and lastly, before it assumes the characteristic human form, it takes upon itself the outline of a mammiferous quadruped's brain." Hence the remark made by scientific writers that "man is the sum total of all animals."

STRIKING EYEGLASSES.

No Law Which Declares It an Aggravated Offense.

It is the common opinion that for striking a man with glasses on there is a severer penalty than for striking him under similar circumstances when he is not wearing glasses. Careful search, however, does not bring forth any statutory provision which declares the offense greater when the man who is struck wears glasses. The prevalence of this idea is due, no doubt, to the probability of the judge in such cases giving the convicted the extreme penalty. The legal term for assault under such circumstances is "mayhem," signifying that the assailant has in one way or another deprived his victim of the power of defending himself.

During an altercation from which a struggle is apt to ensue any one wearing glasses would be wise to remove them, unobserved if possible, however, because if noticed it might act as a signal to begin hostilities.

Many think that glasses would be a source of general protection in these cases and often take advantage on that ground, but this is wrong, because no court would hold it worse to strike a man with glasses than one without unless the assailant struck directly at his opponent's eyes, with the intent to wound or maim him, and whether one were hit elsewhere than on the eyeglasses would not alter the case at all.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

When Spencer Traveled.

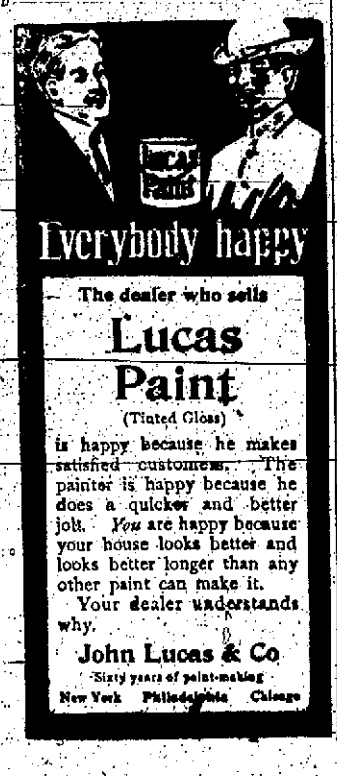
When Herbert Spencer went on a long railway journey it was his practice to have reserved for him a first class compartment. Across the carriage he used to have a hammock swung, in which he traveled, to avoid the vibration and concussion. There was something funny in the spectacle of the staid philosopher traveling in this fashion, and so it appeared to the people who witnessed the preparations for his departure. The inquisitives were soon disappointed, for as soon as Spencer recognized that he was being made the object of unsolicited attention he would shout out in stentorian tones to the porters in spite of their four to look after him—"Draw down those blinds!"

Crocker's Rheumatic Cure Is It?

Mr. Thomas Secrist says, under date of Jan. 31, 1906, that he had Muscular Rheumatism for six years, part of the time suffered so he could not sleep at night. Says he has taken two 50 cent bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure, and can sleep and has not felt the pain in his arms since. He recommends anyone suffering with Rheumatism to try a fifty-cent bottle.

MR. THOMAS SECRIST,
West Wheeling,
Ohio.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth.


Everybody happy
The dealer who sells
Lucas
Paint
(Tinted Gloss)
is happy because he makes satisfied customers. The painter is happy because he does a quicker and better job. You are happy because your house looks better and looks better longer than any other paint can make it.
Your dealer understands why.
John Lucas & Co
Sixty years of paint-making
New York Philadelphia Chicago

AUDITORS' REPORT

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1906.

JAMES BRAY, Collector, in account with Keating Township School Fund Duplicate, 1905 and 1906 Duplicate.

Dr.

To 10% due the last auditors' report	$ 1270 50	1270 50

Cr.

By paid Treas. Decker	961 05	
By com. on $961.05 at 5%	48 10	
By additional exonerations 1905 and 1906	236 40	
By amt. due Keating Twp. School District to bal.	24 95	1270 50

A. G. FARLEY, Collector, in account with Keating Township School Funds, Duplicate 1905.

Dr.

To amount of duplicate	4936 72	
To amt. of school building	1300 00	1236 02

Cr.

By amt. paid Treasurer C. C. Decker	3770 89	
By exonerations 1905 duplicate	344 95	
By taxes returned to co. commissioners	86 10	
By 5% allowed taxpayers on $3736.61	109 43	
By 5% commission on 1068.41 school	32 47	
By 2% commission on 485.77 school building	19 12	
By 5% commission on 1861.71 school	84 08	
By 5% commission on 180.00 school building	4 75	
Balance due township	625 84	3296 02

G. C. DECKER, Treasurer, in account with Keating Township School Funds for the year ending June 1st, 1906.

Dr.

To received state appropriation	2661 08	
To received from county treasurer	1446 56	
To received from ex-Collector Bray	961 05	
To received from Collector Farley	3770 89	
To received from ex-Treasurer Verdon	81 99	
To received loan from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.	1000 00	
To received loan from J. C. Stull	1000 00	
To received from Winifred Roeder, wages returned	2 00	
To received tuition from Bradford township	118 66	
To received tuition from Lafayette township	146 70	
To received tuition from Otto township	82 00	
Due Treasurer Decker to bal	185 84	11492 98

Cr.

By paid teachers wages	7600 00	
By paid attending institute	217 00	
By paid school supplies, text books	901 99	
By paid school supplies other than text books	316 78	
By paid building and furnishing	323 80	
By paid rent and repairs	392 10	
By paid debt and interest	2166 00	
By paid secretary's salary, incl. 1905 and 1906	200 00	
By paid fuel & contingencies	453 34	
By paid directors attending election co. expt. 1904	1 35	
By paid freight	21 90	
By paid school journal	7 00	
By paid tuition Smethport High School	91 62	
By paid publishing auditors report	11 55	
By paid auditors	36 00	
By paid directors attending directors' convention	16 70	
By paid com. on $11492.98 at 2%	225 54	11492 98

EX-TREASURER VERDON in account with Keating Twp. School District.

Dr.

To bal. due Township last auditors report	215 05	215 05

Cr.

By paid Treas. Decker	81 99	
By amount due township	133 06	215 05

LIABILITIES

To amt. outstanding orders	223 05	223 05

RESOURCES.

By amt. due from Collector Farley	625 84	
By amt. due from ex-Collector Bray	2 61	
By amt. due from ex-treasurer Verdon	133 68	
Liabilities over resources to bal.	1909 07	2231 05

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Collector Farley and Treasurer Decker do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 9th day of June, A. D. 1906.

A. L. BROCKHAM (seal)
A. B. WASHBURN (seal)
S. D. CRAWFORD (seal)

I. ODESSER,

EAST SMETHPORT.

Best Prices Paid for all kinds of

JUNK

RAGS BONES
RUBBERS and
IRON ROPE
METAL.

Just received a new line of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE

All kinds of TINWARE.

BELL 'PHONE.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

License Transfer Notice.

In re Application of Sone Lunden for transfer of liquor license at Quarter Sessions, McKean county, No 67, June Sessions, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by Sone Lunden to the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean county on Monday, July 2, 1906, at 10:30 o'clock a. m. for the transfer of a retail license granted May 17, 1906, to A. J. Potter for "Hotel Hazel" in the village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin township, Pa., situate at the corner of Main street and Cleveland avenue; the residence of Sone Lunden is Hazelhurst, Pa., and his occupation a former hotel keeper.

GALLUP & BOUTON,
Attys. for Petitioner.

Smethport, Pa., July 20, 1906.

E-769

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

W. A. Grinard

Successor to Geo. L. Smith & Co.

AUTO GARAGE

Repairing and Building in all its branches.

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Long Distance Phone 293, at Garage Night Call 367

257 N. Union St.—Olean, N. Y.

N. Y. BANKING HOUSE offering private **TEAM RAILROAD BONDS** will consider the services of salesmen who can call on investment dealers within their acquaintanceship. Address Lock Box 3567, New York City

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	200,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.

Jnas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

LOW RATE EXCURSION

$2.25 FROM SMETHPORT TO

Buffalo and Niagara Falls

Tuesday, June 26, 1906.

Tickets good going only on train leaving 9:18 a. m. Good returning on all regular trains June 26 and 27. Baggage will not be checked on tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman, Parlor or Sleeping cars.

Children between Five and Twelve Years of Age, Half Price.

GREAT RUNNING RACE MEET AT BUFFALO.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager — J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Man'g'r — GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

During the warm weather you will find no difficulty in keeping cool if you go about it right. You must dress for this weather. The expense will be light if you buy at the right place. Call and see us regarding it. We now have a large assortment of wash suits in all the popular summer goods, both white and colors, made up in neat and attractive styles. Any price you wish.

A new lot of the popular short sleeve shirt waists just in.

We are now showing the latest and most beautiful creations in early summer millinery.

Don't forget that we are selling coats at a great reduction.

Now is the time to prepare for the summer while our stock is complete.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case
Parker Lucky Curve
Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan Palmer House, **35c** — **20c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, **30c** — Black Coffee **10, 20, 22, & 35 cents**

We Can Please You. — Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro' June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

SPECIAL CUT PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satisfy the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours. Investigate.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
32-34 Main Street,
BRADFORD, PA.

The dealer can tell you the merits of these goods better than we can explain them in an advertisement. It costs you nothing to see them at the following stores:

M. L. ARMSTRONG
AND
M. E. KERR

"Adam had the earth at one time; let his experience be a general warning."

He wouldn't have wanted the apple if he had had some of our

Good Fresh Cereals

for breakfast. That was his misfortune. To avoid his experience go to

J. COLEGROVE'S,

SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank

for

Puffed Rice, Maple-Flake, Shredded Wheat, Egg-O-See, Grape Nuts, Cream of Wheat, Force, Apitezo, Pettijohn, Mother's, Quaker and Banner Oats.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., AT 100 MAIN STREET, OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 26, 1906:

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 18451 44
Checks and other cash items		2171 03
Due from Banks and Bankers		121536 43
Commercial and other paper purchased		307443 11
Call Loans upon collateral		7500 00
Time Loans upon Collateral		262108 87
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		170467 18
Investment securities, viz:		
Stocks, Bonds, etc.	93311 09	
Mortgages	1938 17	105249 85
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17515 14
Overdrafts		475 06
		980176 89

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		200000 00
Surplus Fund		80000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		17726 29
Deposits, subject to check	256764 81	
Deposits, special	435685 80	692450 81
		990176 89

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss:
COUNTY OF MCKEAN }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1906.

(signed) HALLEN A. WALKER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 10th, 1907.

Correct—Attest:

(Signed) JOHN FORBES,
(Signed) F. D. GALLUP,
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN,
Directors.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gallup & Richmond,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

S. B. McKEEVER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street,
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORBES.

Hamlin & Forbes

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forbes (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

M. M. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - Penn'a

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. N. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 107 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, M. D., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Denninghoff,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 9:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. E. Baker,
DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Props.
E. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

T. H. PURCELL, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

New Spring Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.